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Carmel Pine Cone

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PROGRAM OF THREE DAY Celebration

SERRA PILGRIMAGE

ON MONTEREY PENINSULA Sept. 9 - 10 - 11

Pageant of Serra At Forest Theatre This Evening

By E. INGELS

A golden light on the trees at the Forest Theatre caught my eyes, and I went through the night to investigate. As I neared the stage, I heard shouts of "Viva," "Aye," "Back to San Diego!" and I realized that a rehearsal of the Fray Junipero Serra pageant was in progress. When I reached the top of the stairs, back stage, I caught a glimpse of Arthur Cyril, hand to mouth, taking the place of the trumpet that will be used in the performances. As the call sounded, the woods near the stage became alive, it seemed, for scores of soldiers marched down the path and onto the stage. While the men argued the fate of Monterey Bay, the actors and actresses sat around a blazing fire, getting warm. Cyril was here, there and everywhere at the same time. One minute he was dancing instructor to the Indian braves, and in the next was showing Stuart Work the correct position when he talks to his donkey. The soldiers stood at attention—"Ready, fire" is the signal, and guns flashed and roared. "It can't be done that way," exclaimed Cyril. "You'll shoot their feet off. It has to be ready, aim and then fire."

And so the rehearsal went on. The moon tipped the pines, and each and every member of the cast was praying that it would hold sway on the nights of performance, instead of the fog. One scene was especially effective, even without the costumes, setting and lighting—when Father Serra kneeled before the cross and the Indians came in creeping, frightened at the solemnity. And then the heart of Serra rejoiced.

Francis Hickson is doing a wonderful piece of work as the beloved Serra. His voice and acting are excellent. Just as the same pageant, given in 1924, was one of the great-est spectacles ever seen on the peninsula, so this will be, with the natural scenery surrounding the Forest Theatre as one of the best assets of the production.

Imagine the thrill and excitement when the soldiers gallop down the path on their horses—of the impressiveness when the Indians become converted to the faith of Father Serra—of the horror when the soldiers are dissatisfied and wish to return south—or of the sadness when Serra, with his mission accomplished, dies?

The Serra Pilgrimage began this morning its three-day program. Officially, the first event takes place this evening, when the Pageant-Drama, "Fray Junipero Serra" is presented, under the direction of Arthur Cyril, with a cast of two hundred, at Carmel's Forest Theater. Unofficially there will be many thousands of people arriving on the peninsula in all breeds of automobiles and by train, and the beaches will be crowded as this is read.

Tomorrow, both morning and afternoon, the men of the U. S. Army will entertain with a military parade, review and mounted field day, at the Monterey Presidio. In the evening, "Fray Junipero Serra" plays again at the Forest Theater, while at the Golden Bough, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with a cast of many of the best known artists, writers and amateur actors of Carmel's celebrated intelligenzia, will be revived.

On Sunday morning at 8:30, the Chain of Missions Pilgrimage starts at the Junipero Serra monument at the Presidio in Monterey. On foot, taking the same path as that so often trod by the Padres in the olden days, a great procession led by Monsignor Ramon Mestres and other dignitaries of the Church, with a band of boy acolytes from the Watsonville Catholic school, will come over the hill and to the Mission San Carlos del Rio Carmelo. There will be held a roll call of the Missions, a ceremonial of impressive dignity, before the sarcophagus of the great Serra.

At the Del Monte golf links, in morning and afternoon of Sunday, the women's golf championship will be decided, and many who are too feeble to walk over the hill to Carmel, will follow the contestants around the eighteen holes. And on Sunday evening, at 8:00 o'clock, the "Blessing of the Fishing Fleet," an illuminated water pageant, will take place in Monterey Bay, off the new municipal pier, and wind up the celebration for 1927.

Uncle Tom's Cabin At Golden Bough Theatre Tonight

The lessees of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, open their 1927-28 season tonight with Uncle Tom's Cabin, produced by the Carmel Players. The many friends of George Ball, Dick and Rhoda Johnson, rejoice to see their plays brought into the Golden Bough, and are eagerly awaiting the "first night." And it will be a big "first night." Rem Remsen in the title role so endears the part of Uncle Tom to us that it is easy to see why the play has been acted over 300,000 times. The cast is an exceptionally strong one—even the minor roles are played by Carmel actors of recognized talent.

Just as in the good old 50's and 80's, Uncle Tom is played with song and dance. Willette Allen, whose dance in the Carmel Follies won such applause, does a specialty dance, and Lela Ball has come down from San Francisco to appear in specialty songs. And just as in the good old days there is music off stage that brings out the handkerchiefs as little Eva wings heavenward.

The full cast follows:

Eliza	Gladys Vander Roest
Harry	Gail Johnson
George Harris	O. J. Cope
Haley	Woodie Rowntree
Shelby	Robert Stanton
Chloe	Louise Walcott
Uncle Tom	Ira Remsen
Phineas Fletcher	Robt. Hestwood
Marks	Ernest Schweninger
Tom Loker	Leslie Le Cron
Marie St. Clare	Katherine Geeks
Eva	Jadwiga Naskowiak
St. Clare	George Ball
Ophelia	Louise Walcott
Topsy	Sally Maxwell
Gumption Cute	Francis Whitaker
Simon Legree	Hobart Glassell
Emmeline	Tommi Thomson
Sambo	Ralph Todd
Quimbo	Robert Stanton
Cassy	Marian Todd
George Shelby	Woodie Rowntree
Rastus	Richard Catlett
Rufus	John Bartlett
Specialty Dance	Willette Allen
Specialty Songs	Lela Ball

MESSENGER TO FRANCE FROM MAYOR ROLPH

Conrad Immelman, well known Carmelite, left San Francisco last Monday for France, with messages from Mayor James Rolph Jr. of San Francisco, to his friends in that country. Immelman left California with some 200 other Californians to attend the American Legion Convention in Paris next month. Immelman happened to be the only Frenchman in the crowd of ex-soldiers, and as such, was selected as message bearer of the crew. Immelman was born in Alsace. The Legionaires will sail from New York on the De Grasse, a special liner. There will be about 800 on board.

CARMEL PARENT-TEACHERS RESUME ACTIVITIES

The Carmel Parent-Teachers Association began its activities for the fall term Thursday afternoon when the Board of Directors met at the Sunset school to outline the work for the coming year. A general meeting of the association will be held next Wednesday afternoon at the auditorium, at which the members of the faculty of the school will be guests. After the business meeting, the members will be entertained by interesting talks from several townspeople. There are now 125 regular members, and the organization hopes to get many more for the coming year.

Pines Championed Before City Council

The trees were well championed at last Tuesday night's session of the city council. George Seideneck, who has paid for his privilege of chief advocate of the pines, demanded information why a tree had been cut down at the corner of Junipero and Eighth; an eighteen-inch trunk of healthy, vigorous young pine-hood.

According to the artist, who a few months ago was tried and fined for cutting dead pines, the tree had escaped the wide swath of the sewer-digger's destruction. It was outside the windrow of felled pines that three months ago had gone down that a sewer might be laid. But the gang came back to lift by dynamite and stump-hauler the remnants of magnificent trees, and this one, still tall and unafraid, met its doom.

"Why—why?" questioned George Seideneck. And Superintendent of Streets Fraser made answer too low for George to hear. "Say it out loud" demanded the artist.

The Council admitted that it didn't know why. The Street Superintendent was instructed to learn the why, and report at the next meeting. A few minutes later, the editor of the Pine Cone called attention to the pines in the middle of Ocean avenue down-town.

"Wherever they have big circles of plants and shrubbery around the trunks," we said, "the trees seem to be thriving. Also, in the block facing Pine Inn, with plenty of soft earth at the roots, the pines look healthy. But in the middle of the blocks from San Carlos to Dolores, and from Dolores to Lincoln, where there is practically nothing but packed dirt, beaten hard as rock by parked cars, about the roots, they are sick and dying. Something," we said, "should be done."

Again the street superintendent would investigate. Anyone can do that. You and your wife can look at those trees in the middle of Ocean avenue as you go to buy your groceries and meat today, and see if the Pine Cone speaks true. If it does, then "Something should be done."

Further diversion was afforded by announcement that the "Glass company property" in the Dunes, which the council had planned to buy at a price of $6500, had just been sold to Miss Elizabeth McClung White and was no longer on the market. This astonishing disclosure, made by Perry Newberry, came just after Councilman Wood had suggested that the whole matter be laid over till spring, when the voters could settle it at a bond election. Councilman Wood was convinced there must be some mistake, as Mr. Devendorf had assured him the deal with the city would go through. Newberry was equally positive, however, having just seen Miss White and learned the whole proceedings from the lady herself.

It is understood that the new owner will start improving the tract at once, preparatory to subdividing it, so that, by spring, the value of the property will probably be soaring toward the $50,000 mark.

Otherwise last evening's session was largely routine; permission was granted a firm of auctioneers to distribute handbills; City Clerk Saidee Van Brower was given permission to order new tax ledgers; Superintendent of streets Fraser was directed to investigate the cesspool at the Miller apartments, Carpenter street, regarding which complaints had been filed; the tax ordinance and the ordinance amending the ordinance fixing building permit fees were given final passage.

An opinion by City Attorney Argyll Campbell, showing that revocation of the dedication of lanes through Blocks EE and FF by the Carmel Development company had been valid, was read, and it became clear that the city of Carmel now had no right, title or interest in the two lanes.

Machinery was set in motion for the purchase of Lots 1 and 3 in Block 90, to be used for "storing city tools." Councilman Wood moved that Mayor Jordan be authorized to enter into a contract with T. B. Reardon, owner of the property, for its purchase at a price of $3500.

Proposal to order City Engineer H. D. Severance to prepare the necessary papers for condemnation and acquisition of a right of way for a street through the McMurtry property, for an extension of Del Mar avenue, was referred to the mayor for discussion with Severance. The fee of $50, plus a percentage of the amount involved, seemed a trifle too costly, and negotiations were urged, with a view to adjustment of this feature.

Herbert Heron appeared in person to request that the road passing in front of his property, obstructed by construction work on the new sewer several months ago, be cleared of debris. He was assured that his request would be granted at once.

Reports for the month of August were submitted by the city officials. Justice of the Peace Alfred Fraser reported collection of $43 in fines; Chief of Police August Englund reported nine arrests. City Clerk Saidee Van Brower's financial report showed that the general fund had a balance, Sept. 1, of $7590.80, while bills approved last evening, amounting to $2404.22, reduced this balance to $5186.58.

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THIRTEEN CONVENIENT LOCATIONS

University Professor Goes Over Cliff

Four people, one a woman, were badly hurt, three probably fatally, when their closed car ran over the embankment on the Sur road in Swiss Canyon, early Sunday morning and rolled over and over down a 150 foot bank and landed on its wheels in the gully. The car is a total wreck.

The seriously injured are:

Professor A. Ballantyne, University of California, gashed hip, broken leg, internal injuries.

Miss E. Carlson, San Francisco, cuts and bruises, internal injuries.

M. J. Mallville, San Francisco, gashed leg, internal injuries.

Slightly injured:

F. M. Haslett, San Francisco, driver of the car, cuts about the head and face.

The injured persons were taken to Monterey by Jack Iverson of this city, who made an ambulance out of his sedan, and then the accident victims were placed on a train and taken to San Francisco.

Iverson was spending the holiday week end in the Big Sur district. He was at Idlewild, and when other motorists brought the injured to that place, Iverson took them in his car after they had been given first aid.

Haslett declared his steering apparatus had too much play in it, and when he attempted to negotiate one of the many curves in the road he lost control of the car and it rolled over. His brakes failed to hold as the car started to leave the road.

Iverson viewed the car and the spot where the car went over, and declares he cannot tell why all the passengers were not killed. He says the caf hit a small ledge about ten feet down, and then hurtled for a sheer drop of 150 feet to the bottom of the gully.

Mallville, one of the victims, in commenting on the wreck, said he was thrown out of the car but he knew "damn well he never went out the door."

The victims belonged to the Sierra club, a hiking organization, which combined with the Alpine club for a two-day outing over the holidays.

CHARGES DROPPED

J. P. Hanna, Carmel, charged with reckless driving as the result of a collision between his automobile and that of Theodore Schaick, last Thursday, entered a plea of not guilty and demanded trial by jury, when arraigned before Justice of the Peace Alfred P. Fraser at Carmel, Wednesday. Later, however, he agreed to pay for the damage to Schaick's machine and, at the instance of the latter, the case was dismissed.

WILL SPEED NO MORE FOR THIRTY DAYS

J. R. White of Carmel was given a five days suspended sentence and had his driving license taken away from him for 30 days last Tuesday morning when he appeared before Judge A. P. Fraser on a charge of reckless driving. White was arrested Monday afternoon by Traffic Officer C. O. Christenson.

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FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA

An Historical Pageant by Mgr. Ramon Mestres and Perry Newberry

EPISODE I

THE TIME: January 8, 1769.
THE PLACE: The Port of La Paz in Mexico.
THE OCCASION: The sailing of the San Carlos on the search for Monterey Bay.
THE CHARACTERS:

Fray Junipero Serra	Francis Josef Hickson
Fray Gomes	Charles Allair
Fray Crespi	Neville Brush
Don Jose de Galvez	Clyde Dorsey
Lieut. Pedro Fages	J. A. Eberhardt
Ramon Ortiz	Frank Sowell, Jr.
Juan Mendez	Stuart Work
Teresa Segura	Helen Judson
Francesca	Maria Antonia Bach
Duena	Esther Tearle
Singer	Leda Gregory Jackson
Herald	Margaret Lial

THE ACTION: As day dawns, sailors bring the cargo and dunnage to the dock, where lies the San Carlos, ready to sail. The expedition gathers. Padre Serra works at the lading. The Visitador, Don Jose de Galvez, comes with his entourage, and instructs the leaders of the expedition. The banners are blessed, and the men board the boat.

EPISODE II

THE TIME: December 10, 1769.
THE PLACE: Close to where it is reenacted, near Carmel.
THE OCCASION: Portola's expedition turns back in its search.
THE CHARACTERS:

An Indian Chief	Giles R. Cano
An Indian Runner	Neville Brush
Onesimo, a Brave	R. K. Abercrombie
Hetla, Indian Maiden	Elaine Carter
Don Gaspar de Portola	Charles A. Kiernan
Lieut. Pedro Fages	J. A. Eberhardt
Ramon Ortiz	Frank Sowell, Jr.
Fray Gomes	Charles Allair
Fray Crespi	Neville Brush
Juan Mendez	Stuart Work
Indian Dancer	Hildreth Taylor Masten
Indian Woman	Hilda Argo

THE ACTION: An Indian Village, where the chief's son is being married to the daughter of a neighboring tribe, is suddenly thrown into panic by the approach of white invaders—Portola's land expedition searching for the Port of Monterey. The wearied troop of soldiers and priests, after argument and a vote, determines to give up the search. A cross is planted to guide the ship San Carlos, should it come, and the expedition turns back towards San Diego.

EPISODE III

THE TIME: July 7, 1770.
THE PLACE: At Monterey, beside the Vizcaino oak.
THE OCCASION: The finding of the Port of Monterey, and the arrival of Fray Junipero Serra by sea.
THE CHARACTERS:

Don Gasper de Portola	Charles A. Kiernan
Sergeant Ortega	Emmet McMenimin
Fray Junipero Serra	Francis Josef Hickson
Fray Palou	Charles Allair
Fray Crespi	Neville Brush
Juan Mendez	Stuart Work
Ramon Ortiz	Frank Sowell, Jr.
Lieut. Pedro Fages	J. A. Eberhardt

THE ACTION: Portola with his expedition has at last found the Bay of Monterey, and waits the coming of the San Carlos, with Fray Serra. The ship arrives, the land is taken in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, and the first mass is said.

EPISODE IV

THE TIME: August 28, 1784.
THE PLACE: At the Mission Carmel.
THE OCCASION: The death of Fray Junipero Serra.
THE CHARACTERS;

Fray Junipero Serra	Francis Josef Hickson
Fray Palou	Charles Allair
Governor Pedro Fages	J. A. Eberhardt
Captain Canizares	E. R. Morehead
Sergeant Ortega	Emmet McMenamin
Ramon Ortiz	Frank Sowell, Jr.
Juan Mendez	Stuart Work
Alcalde	W. W. Nielsen
Padrino	Clyde Dorsey
Madrina	Irene MacCaulay
Duena	Bruce Monihan
Teresa Segura	Helen Judson
Hetla	Elaine Carter
Onesimo	R. K. Abercrombie
Singer	Leda Gregory Jackson
Dancers	Jane Foster, Marian Minges, Elaine Legere, Carol Hunkin

Dances arranged and directed by Ruth Austin

THE ACTION: A Fiesta celebrating the birth of the first white baby in California is interrupted by the arrival of a ship, bringing Captain Canizares with sad news for the Presidente, Fray Junipero Serra. Already weak and feeble by age and illness, the good Padre succumbs to disappointment, and dies in the arms of his friend, Fray Palou.

MUSIC: By Monterey Band, John Stewart, Band Master.
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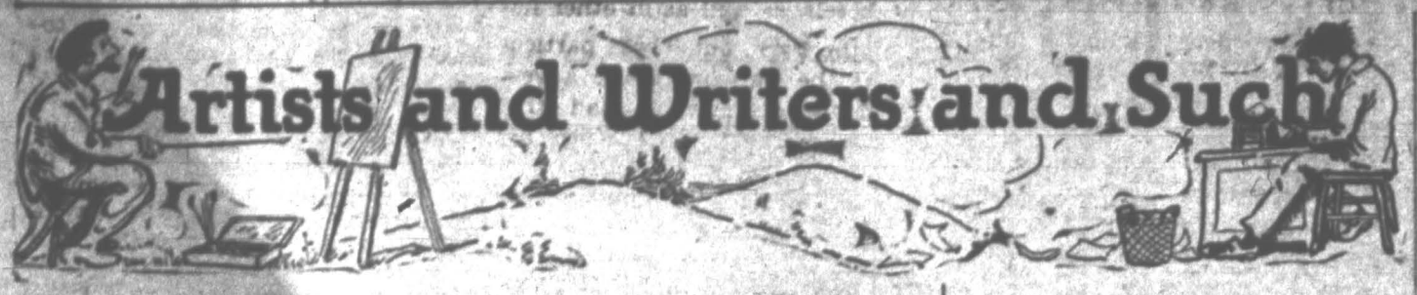

THREE VERY DIFFERENT EXHIBITIONS AT ARTS AND CRAFTS THIS WEEK

The etchings of W. C. F. Gillam are marvelous pieces of workmanship and show that this man is a thorough master at the art. Several of them were exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Hall last Sunday. One of the loveliest, perhaps, was "The cloister" of Gloucester Cathedral. Light and shade are worked into this etching with amazing craftsmanship.

Gillam, formerly of London, is well known around Burlingame and San Francisco as an architect. St. Paul's Church at Burlingame is his creation and is noted for its beauty and grace of lines. Among the other etchings were a scene from Telegraph Hill, the Santa Barbara Mission, Ann Hathaway's home at Stratford-on-Avon, Old Street in York, Chichester and England Cathedrals, the Chartres Cathedral in France, and several other California coast scenes. He is a member of the California Society of Etchers.

The work done by Carmel children in Elizabeth Dickinson's classes for children, were also exhibited at the Arts and Crafts on Sunday. These children have only been studying for eight weeks, and many of the paintings show a great deal of talent. The youngsters were allowed to use their imagination and freedom to the fullest extent, and some of the products of their creation are extremely interesting. Many of the scenes painted are absolutely ultra-modern. Upon seeing these one wonders why all this fuss about modern art anyway, if the children do the same thing by merely using their imaginations. A great number of the paintings show the impressions that the child receives, and as a result the ideas are weird and somewhat distorted. This exhibition was interesting to study as a key to the thoughts of a child.

Moira Wallace has had very little real instruction in art, but unusual originality and initiative in working out her own ideas, has made her name already known throughout San Francisco art circles. She is just eighteen years old, but has to her credit a successful exhibition which was held last spring at Paul Elder's in San Francisco.

Miss Wallace was born and raised in Carmel, and attended high school in Monterey, but Carmel had seen very little of her work until last Sunday when about thirty of her drawings were exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Hall. By using her own ideas and not following any set rules in her work, she has obtained some strange and beautiful effects. She can do with her brush what others can do with their pens—put an abstract idea on paper, an original brain-child, and do it in such a way that it is not too difficult to understand. One of the finest in Sunday's exhibition was "Circumstance" — a man bound to a rock by iron shackles, and thus tied down, being unable to use his wings, or ideas. He is straining every muscle to free himself and escape from the wave that is about to wash over the rock and himself.

Symmetry of rhythm and form were displayed in "Time—Gathering Up the Fragments of Eternity," while another called "Failure" was lovely in its dream-like vagueness. She has two striking wood-block prints, one, "Adventure," and the other, "The Dastard." A number of portraits were included in the exhibition, that were excellent in strength and boldness of line.

Miss Wallace has been a member of the art staff of Foster and Kleiser in San Francisco during the last few months, and is branching for a time into commercial art. There are many who can paint but haven't the ideas to work with, and there are many others who have ideas and can't paint them. But Moira Wallace has both of these qualities that are so essential to any artist. Even at this stage, it can be seen that she will have a brilliant future. She has talent, originality, ambition and initiative. She'll get there.

Artists Do Business in Businesslike Way

That the Carmel Art Association is a reality and not a dream is evidenced by the fact that at the last meeting on Monday afternoon, a report from J. Seivert Smit showed that there is already $73 in the treasury. Five sustaining members, with the dues at $10 a year have joined, and there are now 19 regular members. Circulars will be sent out this week by the advertising committee to all Carmel and Monterey citizens who might be interested in the project. At the meeting on Monday the fact was again emphasized that the organization is open, not only to artists, but to all persons who are interested in art. The support of the town as a whole must be obtained before the association will be a success, it was stated.

J. F. Hopkins of Monterey, occupied the chair for the first time, in the place of the president, Pedro Lemos. Hopkins is first vice president. He spoke a few words of appreciation to the members of the organization for electing him to the position, and said that he would do everything in his power to institute a successful year.

A letter was read from H. F. Dickinson, who was formerly elected as vice president, explaining his reasons for declining to serve in that capacity. George Seideneck made the report of the investigations of the gallery committee. At the meeting a week ago, a room in the Seven Arts Court was selected as a suitable place for a temporary gallery, but Seideneck broached another plan when he told of a larger room in the same court that would be suitable for both a gallery and club room for the organization. The matter was discused by the members but it was finally decided that this room could not be used satisfactorily for hanging paintings, because of the lighting and wall space. The first room is inexpensive and will show off paintings to good advantage with artificial lighting.

A motion was passed by the members adopting for the fiscal year of the organization, from August 1st to August 1st, with the annual meeting held in that month. A report of the curator committee was made by Miss Ada B. Champlin, who said that several people had been selected as possible candidates for the position, on a commission basis. The commission basis will be tried for a while, and if it is not successful, a salary will be paid the curator.

The next meeting of the organization will be held Monday afternoon at Gray Gables at 3 o'clock.

Arts and Crafts in Annual Meeting

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Arts and Crafts, which includes the election of directors of the Forest Theater, will be held at the hall next Tuesday night, September 13, at eight o'clock. It will be an interesting session, for there are important matters to discuss and determine.

The present Arts and Crafts directorate is made up of Sarah Deming, president, Eugene A. H. Watson, secretary, Fenton Foster, treasurer, John B. Adams, John B. Jordan Mrs. Purdy, Louise Walcott, Cornelis Botke, and Miss C. Harris. Either by term expiring, by removal from town, or by resignation, there are four to be selected at the club election. The entire Forest Theater board of directors goes out each year, or is reelected. The members are Jordan, Heron, Mrs. Kluegel Mrs. Porter, Sarah Deming, Louise Walcott, Watson, Dickinson and Foster.

The formation of the new Carmel Art Association may have a strong influence upon the future policies of the Arts and Crafts. In the past, since its organization a score of years ago, the Arts and Crafts has been the center of art activities in Carmel. At its clubhouse have been held exhibitions of art work, and its summer school has been an annual event and a part of the history of Carmel.

The Art Association has organized independent of the Arts and Crafts, and proposes to have its exhibitions down-town, probably in the Seven Arts building. Just how, and to what extent, this will affect the old club is one of the matters that will be taken up at the annual meeting.

Reports of the various officers, particularly of the president, Mrs. Deming, whose active management of the office has been instrumental in clearing a large part of the burden of debts, and of Treasurer Foster with an accounting of the receipts and earnings from the Forest Theater summer season, will be listened to eagerly by the members of the club.

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Franz Ludwig's Musical Digest

By Thomas Vincent Cator

Much has been said about the handicaps confronting the American singer. The opera aspirant, it is contended, must sing in divers tongues, finds little opportunity to gain experience in America and few opera houses in which to sing after experience is gained. There is one serious handicap, however, which has not received the attention it deserves and which has blasted the hopes of many who were otherwise promising, and that is a lack of early training in the simple fundamentals of music.

Nor is this a new or novel indictment directed against songsters. From the beginning of song, singers have been accused of being poor musicians, and from this idea the old saying probably originated, "too good a musician to be a singer." In other words, if a person did not qualify for anything higher, he might aspire to the low estate of singer. This impression was largely fostered by the idea that singers were "discovered."

Frank La Forge has come in contact with hundreds of young aspirants to operatic fame. He says, "How often young men and women with beautiful voices are completely eliminated from the race because they cannot read notes and do not know how to keep time. The lack of a sense of rythm bars them from any operatic possibilities because the directors of the orchestras have no time to pound these ABC'c of music into their heads. Besides, how stupid it seems to these youths already entering upon the busy demands of our modern life, to sit down and learn with difficulty the simple fundamentals which would unlock the door of understanding to them. I could give hundreds of concrete examples of careers blighted because of this lack."

Mr. La Forge suggests as a remedy that all children be given instruction on the piano or violin so that they acquire a knowledge of the fundamentals, and if they turn to some other instrument or become singers later on they will have a basic foundation on which to build. In other words music study should be a part of every child's early education just as reading, writing and arithmetic.

Many of our noted singers today owe a large part of their success to a knowledge of the piano. Following are a few of the better known: Nellie Melba, Marcella Sembrich, Galli-Curci, Florence Easton, Marion Talley and Laurence Tibbet.

The great advantage that study of the piano gave these singers was this—they were ready when opportunity came, as it always does, suddenly and unexpectedly.

Miss Smith may have a very beautiful voice. But suppose the manager of a great opera company comes to her and says: "Miss Smith, do you know the role of Carmen?" "No," replies Miss Smith. "Well, can you learn it in five days?" asks the manager, "So and so will be unable to play the part, and I thought of you. You have just the voice and temperament if you can learn the part in that length of time."

Now upon Miss Smith's reply to that question, and her ability to make good depends her entire career. And her ability to make good in such a crisis depends on what her general education in music has been—not on how good a voice she has, nor upon her appearance or temperament.

Study the piano as well as voice, if you are really seeking a career, and when you choose a vocal teacher be sure of two things—that he can point to fine voices he or she has trained, and also that he or she is a thorough musician, and can give you the musicianship you require as well as the vocal training.

CARMELITES ARE HOSTS OF AMERICA'S PRESIDENT

Two of President Coolidge's hotel hosts in the recent Yellowstone Park trip are men well known in Carmel.

Mr. Kent Clark, manager of Old Faithful Hotel, has long been coming here, and has recently built a home on San Antonio Avenue, while Mr. Richard Larritt, manager of the Grand Canyon Hotel, has summered here for a number of years.

Dancing was enjoyed by Mrs. Coolidge during the evenings in these hotels, as well as in other hotels of the Park, but it was particularly at the Canyon, where a very good dance orchestra is had, that she was seen frequently with her son John, as well as with the President's doctor and his military aide.

"What you need is an electric bath," said the doctor.

"Not for me," said the patient. "My uncle got drowned in one of those things in Sing Sing."

MRS. A. M. ALLEN HOSTESS AT TEA

Mrs. A. M. Allen was hostess today at a very beautifully appointed tea, given in her home at Point Lobos. Mrs. Lester J. Hudson, who has been the motif for many delightful affairs during her stay on the peninsula, was the complimented guest. Mrs. Hudson is leaving shortly with her small children, to join her husband at Annapolis. Those who assisted Mrs. Allen this afternoon in receiving her guests were: Mrs. Tom Riley, Mrs. Howard Hatton and Mrs. J. G. Burnette.

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Stray Sheets of Manuscript

WRITES HER SAY ON MATTERS PERTINENT TO CARMEL

By Mary J. Wilkeson

(Herewith is the first offering in response to our editorial appeal for expressions of opinon in the matter of "improvements" in Carmel. It is not in agreement with our views, but shall have its place in our columns as being representative of the opinion of a large element here.—Ed.)

I am, I think, one of those qualified to speak on drains and pavements, within the rules set forth in the last week's issue of the well-known journal, the editor of which so courteously gives all such the right to write and be heard through its columns; a citizen but disinterested financially.

I have been in Carmel for many winters, attracted to it for its natural beauty and rare human elements. I am one of those who would preserve the natural beauties. I would preserve them all, and speaking of persons, "For it is people who make the place," and some say "made the place," for of old it is said that once there were giants in Carmel,—men of learning and women who also wrote. To us who have followed the legends, who read "Them Was The Days," there often comes a feeling of loss or sadness that "them days" is gone. We wonder what will bring them back,

And if bad pavements will do it, let us tear up Ocean Avenue; if an overflowing cesspool will restore Jack London, let us seek one out. (I am told there are many now). But I fear me we have reached the turning point; no more can we return. No motor accident on Santa Lucia can give back Mary Austin to her friends. Them days like all good things have passed, and the sight of a motor truck lost in the sand dunes, which five years ago extended as far east as Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde Street, shall never be seen again in that section. And this brings us back to paving Santa Lucia and the question of "to pave or not to pave." Think it out for yourselves, all ye who have Fords.

But speaking more seriously, have we not gone on? Surely we have, for hardly now, can poetess be found, who does not prefer her sewer to the grand old cess-pool of the early days; and so we must look forward and not back. Choose this day what ye shall have,—a dirty, unpaved town, infested with ownerless dogs, a menace to health and the joy of the motorist; or a town beautiful and clean, well drained, attracting, as like attracts, the clean and intelligent.

I shall be interested to read what these may have to say, who love the cess-pools and the wrecks and broken cars.

I think, however, they had better leave for Mexico, especially the interior of that unpaved and undrained state. For Carmel is soon to be the very jewel and gem of all the towns that be. In California shall there be no town more clean and more paved,—just watch.

AT LAST, THE MAN PAYS
By Guy McElwaine

Some time—a long time ago, in a sudden fit of mental abberation I subscribed for your estimable publication, the Pine Cone. At the time I tendered you two good and lawful U. S. of A. dollars. But you with the true Carmelite's horror of commercialism refused to sully your aesthetic hands with the contact of filthy lucre. Such sordid affairs must be passed down to the underling. The "Girl" you grandiloquently informed me would send a bill.—As ever and always since Old Tempus began to fugit the female of the species washes the dirty linen.

Did the menial perform the unsavory task?

She did.

Regularly, faithfully, religiously.

The now famous orange envelope has become an institution in my home. Gaily reposing beside my coffee and sinkers it informs me that the first of the month has again arrived and it is time to settle with the landlord and grocerynan and buy a new commutation ticket. I do not see how I am ever going to carry on without this faithful monitor.

But I shall be brave.

Here is your damned two dollars.

Notice the date on the money order. Thereby hangs a tale of negligence, shiftlessness, inefficiency or what will you have?

It was purchased June 17, and a great load lifted thereby from my conscience. It was immured safely, deep in the old wallet and passed into obscurity. I was happy. Another bill paid, by Gum!

And today I was rudely snatched out of my false paradise. While frantically searching for my driver's card to satisfy the insistent demands of a rude traffic cop, this antiquated money order came to light. Can you BEAR it my Dear?

Well anyway, the old Pine Cone is the feline's hirsute adornment, keeping me posted as it does with momentous events that are forever convulsing fair Carmel-by-the-Sea.

No sidewalks for Carmel. Keep the poison oak green on the sandlots! When better newspapers are made Newberry will print 'em. On a cold drive, next to myself I like the Pine Cone.

Scout Patrol Will Signal From Hilltops

The mounted patrol of the Carmel Boy Scout Troop will make its initial trip a week from this Saturday, up the Carmel Valley. The scouts will camp beside the river Saturday night, and practice night signals from the tops of hills. The program for Sunday morning will include an out door service, and instructions and exercises for the afternoon.

The patrol is composed of twelve of the older scouts. On their trips they will learn fire fighting from experts as well as the actual out of door experience. At the meeting of the scouts last Monday night, a vote of thanks was given by the boys to Lynn Hodges for furnishing the horses for the trip at reduced rates.

All of the scout troops on the peninsula will assist in the Serra Pilgrimage this week end, at the blessing of the fish fleets from the wharf. The scouts will police the beach and wharf during the ceremony on Sunday.

A change has been instituted in the scout program. At the rallies of all the peninsula troops from now on, a system of patrol competition will be used instead of troop competition, and surprise tests will be given to the boys. In that way each scout must know something about each event. In case he is called to be active, instead of being an expert in only one event. This method it is said, livens the interests of the scouts in all activities.

Dr. P. B. Wright was present at the Monday night meeting, and offered to assist in the first aid, medical and health work of the scouts. The next meeting will be held on Monday night at the Scout Hut.

Young wife: "I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the cooking college today, and I've cooked this for you. Now guess what it is.'"

Husband (with a slab of omelet between his teeth): "The diploma."
—Ex.

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FOR THE

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Doctor (examining unconscious engineer): "Did that automobile hit his engine?"

Fireman: "No, the driver slowed up to let the train go by and the engineer fainted."—Forward.

Who remembers the old days when a vice president didn't have much to say?

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Little Bright Eyes

Told by Geraldine Jitters to Winsor Josselyn

The editor rolled another cigarette, lighted it, and gave attention to the letter in his hand. It was from Geraldine Jitters, and the post mark on the envelope showed it had been mailed from Yellowstone Park.

"I am going to write for Uncle Al, like I said I would, because he has gone down to Lander Wyoming where he used to live and drive a stage and fight Indians. He said he wanted to see if any of the old timers were there so's he could talk with them. I guess Uncle Al likes to talk about as much as he likes to eat.

"Have you ever seen a geyser? Uncle Al gets the rangers awful mad by calling them wrong and saying the right way is geezer, like the Indians used to do. None of the rangers ever saw an Indian here, so Uncle Al is right, I guess.

"And he says that the geezers are all run by the hotel people to bring tourists. He says that there are pipes all under the Park and that men sit up nights to keep wood under the boilers so there will be enough steam next day to make them spout. My, but one ranger got mad and called him an old fool, and Al told him to go jump in a geezer and see for himself if it wouldn't take a boiler to get the water that hot."

The editor absent mindedly answered a petulent subscriber who wanted the paper to start a fund so that Carmel could buy Lindberg's airplane and keep it on public view in the new library.

"And," went on Geraldine, "Uncle Al said he was sure that sooner or later it would be found out. But along came a bear and he fed it some lump sugar and you should have heard the lumps crack in the bear's teeth. Like bones of somebody who got in the way at Mr. Bear's lunch time, said Al. Then he offered the ranger some sugar, but the ranger just walked away saying something that I couldn't make out, but it made Uncle Al laugh.

"I never saw anything like the way the bears treat their fur coats. They rub them against the trees, and they sit right down in the garbage with them at the Hotel feeding grounds, and I wish you could have seen what happened when a fat little man with a red face and a big nose saw how careless they were.

"He said to his wife, who was fat, too, 'My God look at them bears and all that swell fur and what they're doing to it. Say, that is just like you treat that coat I give you Christmas.'

"And he laughed, but he stopped pretty quick when his wife said, 'I don't blame them any, seeing how their coats are about as bad off as that one you give me—after it had been turned back at the store because it was all full of moths.'

"When the black bears eat they keep growling at each other and they sound just like a lot of hungry cows. Sometimes they try to bite each other's necks and whack with their paws when they think the other one has found a nice piece of bacon and they have only got a piece of cantaloupe out of the heap put there for them.

"A bear got into the downstairs grill room the other afternoon and when the boy who makes drinks tried to shoo it out it opened its mouth and he had an awful time getting it out. And when he got it out, all the people in there had gone and he had an awful lot of soda and malted milk and nobody to eat it. He swore about it and said it was a damn shame a man couldn't work without being in a zoo too and what was he going to do with all these drinks?

"I said may be the woodchucks would like them, because woodchucks will eat anything and they get in there lots more often than the bears but the boy only scowled and said he had just as soon give them to the rangers as the woodchucks.

"But he gave me a whole glass of malted milk, and by then a lot of new people came down and he stirred things up and sold them anyhow.

"And we're going to the Pendleton Round Up and maybe the airplane meet at Spokane and I will tell you all about them sometime."

And the editor, taking final drag on the cigarette and throwing it down, smiled all to himself and began rolling another one.

MUSICIANS NIGHT AT MASONIC CLUB

A small group of musicians gathered last Monday night at the Masonic Club House, beginning a series of weekly musical meetings. All musicians on the peninsula are invited to attend. A male quartette from this group will sing several numbers at the Serra Pilgrimage pageant at the Forest Theater this week end, it was announced at the gathering. Plans will be made later on for the organization of the group. Special numbers for various kinds of community entertainments on the peninsula will be on the special aims of the group. All those interested in gathering round a cheery fire, talking about music and hearing music are urged to come to the club house next Monday night.

"Mame's got a job as a stenog." "What, Mame—no!" "Honest." "Do you suppose she'll get by?" "Well, she may at that. Y'see, her boss told her right off he's a man of few words, an' that sounded encouragin' to Mame—she don't know very many."—London Daily Mail.

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A REASONABLE PROGRAM

The Serra Pilgrimage begins today. The three day program embraces interesting features, but is not so crowded that the visitor to the Monterey Peninsula need worry that the unscheduled pleasures must be forsaken, or miss something. There are in our beaches, our winding roads, our mountain views, not to mention the golf courses and playgrounds, almost enough to engage the full time of a three day visit here.

It is a wise program that allows plenty of opportunity for the simple pleasures. The Pilgrimage of 1924, with a program covering morning, afternoon and night, gave no consideration to the things which nature had supplied of attractions. And it was proven that the beaches were a better "show" for the visitor from the interior parts, than man-made pageantly. They were crowded.

Tonight and tomorrow night, the historical pageant of "Fray Junipero Serra" at the Forest Theatre, or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Golden Bough, each well worth the two hours spent there; a military field day tomorrow by the Presidio forces; the Pilgrimage over the trail of the Padres, Monterey to the Carmel Mission, Sunday, and the Blessing of the Fishing Fleet that evening, at Monterey. It makes sufficient entertainment for no matter how big a crowd, or from where they come.

PLAN NOW FOR CARMEL'S FUTURE

Business men of Carmel say that this is not the time to begin any program of extravagance, public or private. In consequence, the paving of San Carlos, Santa Lucia, Seventh and Scenic will be postponed, and the storm waters plan will wait for a fitter time, probably. Which is well, but may be made better by using the period intervening for a comprehensive survey and report upon Carmel's needs for future growth.

No matter how necessary it may be to hold taxes and special assessments to their minimum, it is quite as essential that haphazard and imperfect building be eliminated for all time here. Which means a broad plan that will carry well into the future, made by someone—or a group of someones—in whom the people will have confidence as to ability and artistry. Such a man, for instance, as H. C. Cheney—or Hugh Pomeroy, whose article in last week's Pine Cone was widely read. Or such a committee as might be made up of forward business men and practical artists living here.

A year's time, business men say, should be allowed Carmel before another heavy drain of special assessment be taken out of town. That is time enough for such a survey as is needed, for a comprehensive report upon it, and for depate and adjustment of it. Then, with this plan made a part of our law by ordinance, we can settle down knowing just how much our beauty is to be marred—or enhanced—by the future growth. If the plan so made, agreed upon by a majority of our people, does not suit any individual, he will have opportunity and time enough to make other arrangements for his place of business or residence.

For it is the right of the people who live, or own property in Carmel to have reasonable assurance of what will be its future; to know a definite policy is established and will be maintained; and to be certain that no changes in that policy can be made by any minority group. Also it will make for sound business conditions; the merchant will know the class of trade he may expect growing up around him; the real estate agent can sell with a guaranty to the buyer of the future of the property; and the prospective purchaser need not say, "If I felt sure this would be so and so five years from now, I would buy."

And this is nothing fantastic, is no wild-eyed scheme of a visionary. Cities with much less of beauty to save, much less of individuality to conserve, are doing it right along. Monterey has stabilized its future by a city-planning survey conducted, we believe, by H. C. Cheney. That plan has been made law by ordinance. There is no reason why we cannot do it here; no reason why the City Council should not welcome it eagerly; no reason why Carmel's people, seeing in it the end of bitter and constant conflicts, should not work to make it come true.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

LET ME DREAM

By Alice de Nair

Let me dream, dear heart, as I desire;
Let me unearth the storehouse of your past,
Out of the ruins of that exquisite strife
Buried in plunder, devoid of life,
Let me seek the spirit- thing o'er a plane
Of happiness, yours, dear, and mine,
And with the budding of new love entwine
A deathless fragrance. Yet, ah piteous, in vain!
'Twere best the radiance of a sun's bright beam
Scorch the bud with burning breath
Than to offer it but living death
In bloom. So dearest, let me dream!

A PAGAN LOVER'S PRAYER

By T. Gaylord Fisher

O Moon of a Thousand Nights of Love, stay—
Even if but for a moment—yet stay. See
you how tenderly my arms enfold her as she,
her eyes alight with trust, gives Love's Gift.
Then in the nights to come, in some uncharted
place, looking to you, O Moon, I shall not
forget.

NOCTURNE

By Clarence Urmy

The wistful Day with last, long look
Has sunk behind the hill;
Fond Twilight shuts the landscape book
And seals it with a star,
A star that gleams so white and still
Close where dream-meadows are.

Fair Night in filmy folds of dusk
Has wrapped the world in sleep;
An angel sprinkles dew-wet musk
Above Day's tranquil bier;
Calm Peace broods over land and deep,
And God seems very near!

ENDOWMENT

By Alice de Nair

I gave you my soul,
You pocketed it;
And like most riches
Quickly won
It lies hidden
In a forgotten corner
To mold!

Sketch of Proposed Restoration Mission San Carlos del Carmelo.

PARENT-TEACHERS ARE LIVE AS THE KIDS

With a membership of a hundred and a quarter, and only in its second year, the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association has quietly resumed its work this week, as the school term gets running, and plans are perfected for vigorous fall and winter work. In a general way, the aim of the organization is the betterment of the environment of the child, not only in school, but in work and play, and in the home. It is one organization that considers the children through the twenty-four hours of the day.

During the past year, the C. P.-T. A. has brought nature study into the school, and made it part of the regular courses there; has started a kindergarten, a building for which is now under construction; has purchased a grand piano for Sunset School auditorium, and has had musical recitals fortnightly during school terms; has conducted Saturday night dances every two weeks, and made them popular; has held afternoon parties for the younger children on Saturdays; and made work lighter for the teachers, and pleasanter for the scholars, because of its efforts.

A nation-wide institution, the Parent-Teachers works out its own schedule and program to fit the circumstances of the particular town of its location. It has been found that Carmel youngsters desire to learn of the arts that occupy the attention of so many of Carmel's people, and visits to the studios have been a delight to them. Talks at assembly by writers have been interesting as well as instructive, and perhaps touch fire to a dormant imagination here and there. So, too, the half-hours with real musicians. There certainly is no harm in giving a cultural back-ground to these young girls and boys.

Already the C. P.-T. A. has done a lot of good in Carmel, and there is a great work ahead for it to tackle.

That Is The Editors' Regular Prayer

BOY SCOUTS, NOW—HURRY IT, PLEASE

A letter from the Finance Committee of Carmel Community Church gives the welcome assurance that its requirements financial have been met. "Carmel certainly is a generous little town," says the note, "And we are very grateful." That is sufficient thanks, indeed; for we are all grateful to Carmel Community Church.

Now for the Boy Scouts. We are still short a hundred dollars on Carmel's budget—which isn't the way any of us like to see a budget. "Over the top" is the Carmel way. The Boy Scouts locally is an active factor in the youthful life program, and a healthy one. It does every one of us a service in giving the boys an interest and a purpose, followed enthusiastically, and directly benefitting their physical and moral condition.

Particularly, the parents of lads should respond liberally to the financial needs of the Boy Scouts, and they shouldn't have to be solicited. The Pine Cone will accept donations, or Ray C. DeYoe and Lee Gottfried of the Scouts sponsors, are easy to get at, and glad to collect. A hundred dollars should come quickly, easily. The Pine Cone will start it with $5.00. Only $95.00 more to raise. Come on—come through!

People Talked About

Count Pennazzi Ricci and his bride have sailed for Italy on the Liberia liner, Leme. Count Ricci is rightly the Count of Carmel, for he married Dorcas Powers, daughter of Frank H. Powers, the late King of Carmel. I won't say definitely that the Count's calling cards carry the title, but if they don't Dorcas is overlooking a bet.

For whether or not he deserved the title, Frank Powers was known as the King of Carmel to the day of his death. Frank Devendorf was but Premier, mouthpiece of the King. The princesses, Dorcas and her sister Madeline, lived—when in their country retreat—at the palace in what is now the Mediterranean place, on North San Antonio street. I used to look at them enviously as they promenaded Ocean avenue; two pretty girls gowned in city clothes when city clothes were unknown to this village.

It may be an honor to be the Countess Ricci of Ricci-Rich or something, but not so great as being the Princess of Carmel, I'll warrant.

* * * *

"You and your colleague," writes Senator Hiram W. Johnson, referring to Alice MacGowan and myself, collaborators in the "Jerry Boyne" series of mystery stories, "as writer of very excellent detective stories, prize, I know, coincidences highly. Last night I was reading your latest book, 'Who Is This Man?', and this morning arrived a letter from Miss MacGowan in regard to the special classification of books in the postal rates—which, by the way, I agree with her upon, and shall be very glad to render such little service as I can in the next session of Congress.

"I congratulate you upon the new book, and am really very grateful to both of you for giving me a little brief pleasure with your tales."

* * * * * *

I have asked several of my writing friends here to review this collaboration, but they all seem frightened of something. The Pine Cone should have a review of it, of course, and having written one last week of "Forward Ho!" I feel, in all modesty, someone else should tackle this story. The staff, I can understand. They're on space, and unless what they said about it satisfied the editor, a blue pencil might cut a dollar story into cents. But why a writer, without the chance of getting a penny out of me, is afraid to tackle the job of reviewing so fine a book, I don't get.

If by next week I can't find someone to tell the Pine Cone readers how good a book it is, I'll run some of the clippings from the press-bureau, selecting which I run carefully.

* * * *

Bill Maxwell, former Carmel City Trustee, Commander in the U. S. Navy now, who has been stationed at Boston for several years, has been promoted and removed to New York City. As he had some dozen ships under his command at Boston, this promotion must mean he is a pretty able naval man. But no Councilman of the present day ever was more harshly criticized than was Trustee Maxwell.

He and I were elected at the same time, and served the same length of time. If that were possible, he was hated worse than I was. A fine engineer, he was one of the most valuable men that a town like Carmel could have in office, for his technical training gave him knowledge of things that most of us have to get at second hand. Take the matter of storm waters, for instance, his opposition to the plan developed by the then city engineer was based upon engineering knowledge. Yet very few people credited him with even ordinary abilities, and men and women who knew nothing about the matter, tried to tell him how wrong he was. However, he blocked that scheme for storm water disposal; and was near to facing a recall because of his action.

* * * *

If anyone who has seen Moira Wallace's exhibit of drawings and prints at the Arts and Crafts Hall [illegible] her artistic abilities, they should run out past Seventh and Torres streets and see the little house Jess Nichols is building for Grant Wallace, the plans being Grant's. Peggy Wallace calls it the "Gnome's House," and it's a fit name. The prettiest little place I've yet seen in Carmel.

For Grant Wallace is as versatile a genius as ever lived in Carmel; is by profession, a newspaper artist and cartoonist, but unprofessionally is a better artist than that; writes a good story, but is better with philosophy; as a war correspondent needs only an exciting war to find him a newspaper or magazine job; can hunt big game, or make a garden grow, or make a eucalyptus forest grow; can edit a magazine, or take part in a play; can do—and has done—most everything; and now shows a distinctively pretty house, in a village of pretty homes.

* * * *

The September Argus, art journal of San Francisco, which by the by has survived six issues and looks very healthy, mentions among the artists in the modern exhibition coming shortly to the Legion o Honor Palace, F. Luis Mora.

It's a darn talented family that We know about Jo, and youthful Patty, but here across the continent is one of the front rank American colorists, Jo's brother Luis. Two years older than Jo, both the boys were born in Uruguay, South America, came to the United States at an early age and received much of their schooling here. Luis entered the School of Drawing and Painting and Jo began his work at the Art Student's League.

Beginning about 1892, Luis Mora did illustrating work for many of the leading magazines and periodicals of the country. His first important commission was to paint a large decorative panel for the reading room of the Public Library at Lynn, Massachusettes. Since 1894 he has been represented in all the important art exhibitions in America.

Jo Mora entered the newspaper game in 1897, when he became an illustrator for the Boston Traveler. Later on he traveled throughout the west and southwest making ethnological studies of the Hopi and Navajo Indians. He is the author and illustrator of "The Animals of Aesop," and he edited and illustrated "Reynard, the Fox" and Anderson's Fairy Tales. Since 1911, however, Jo Mora has devoted his time exclusively to sculpture. One of his greatest pieces of work is the Serra Sarcophagus at the San Carlos Mission.

There is still another member of the Mora family who, although still very young, will be heard of in the future. Patty Mora is an artist—not the same kind of an artist that her father is, to be sure—but she is an artist at the piano. Carmel already knows something of her playing, since hearing her recital at the Sunset Grammar School auditorium last spring.

* * * *

Carmel is to have a music publishing company, that'll be as different from most such organizations as Carmel is different from most towns. For it is being incorporated by Thos. Vincent Cator, and will begin its business publishing some of Cator's own songs, though that isn't at all the ultimate ambition. His plan is unique, for all the music published will be printed from a clearly made hand-written score the work of the composer of the song or composition, thus being in the nature of an original etching or autographed print.

Cator isn't the first composer to go into the publishing business. Carrie Jacobs Bond, Harriett Ware and others have found the difference between their royalties and the retail price of their songs big enough to allow for a printing plant with a generous overhead. But I think Cator has an original idea with his hand-made scores.

Cator has had songs published by some of the foremost publishing houses in America, Schirmer having recently put out his "Pool of Quietness," the lyric by Grace Wallace. The name of the new concern, in which Merlin Jackson of San Jose and a couple of other capitalists are interested with Cator, is The Graphic Arts.

* * * *

Louis Persinger, violinist of San Francisco, was a visitor in town last week, with his wife and young son. Persinger, who was formerly a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, is now director and first violinist of the San Francisco Chamber Music Society.

In the year of 1917, Persinger was one of a group of musicians that summered in Carmel, and gave a Red Cross benefit at the Forest Theater. This musical program was one of the most beautiful and stirring things that has ever been put on at the out-door theater. Tina Lerner, the well known musician, was pianist for the group. Other members were Nathan Firestone, Horace Britt and Elias Hecht. The concert was given on a warm afternoon. The air was perfect for out-door playing and the woods were filled with music.

* * * *

Jessie Francis Short-Jackson, artist in the Them-Was-The-Days of Carmel, still an artist in Berkeley and those cities around the bay of St. Francis, wrote us a letter recently, which was lost somehow betwixt her and us, and which she admits was "in itself, worth the whole price of subscription to the much needed and greatly valued Pine Cone."

In a note deploring that great loss to posterity, she says: "How well I remember when you and Bertha were building your first home of shakes in Carmel, and how one of the town carpenters said to me, 'That will never stand there long. Some of these mornings Newberry'll find it lodged up in the pine trees by the Forest Theater.' Ha, ha!"

[illegible] house was built in 1910, and has been getting better and better ever since. Like the pine itself, it bends to the blasts, but never breaks—or doesn't break wide open.

"My heart is still in the highlands," she winds up, "I mean in Carmel-by-the-Sea."

One of the gayest and most unique parties of the season was Pardow Hooper's birthday party given Saturday night at the new Pebble Beach club. This party marked the opening of the new Beach club, the swimming tank being filled for the first time. The pier and grounds as well as the club house were brilliantly lighted with Japanese lanterns and a huge bon fire burning on the beach lent a gala aspect to the scene. The interior of the club house was a riot of color with a mass of balloons overhead. All the guests were dressed in childish costumes and all sorts of infantile toys were given as favors. The out of town guests included the Stuart Hellmans, the George McNears, the Frederick Moores, the Kenneth Monteagles, and Miss Claire Knight of Piedmont.

Spotlight and Back-stage

Third Pantaleieff Recital the Most Popular of All

The recital given last Monday night at the Greene Studio by Max Pantaleiff and Consuelo Cloos was by far the most popular of the series. Pantaleiff scored a success when he sang "The Volga Boat Song." This number was included in his program at the Theatre of The Golden Bough about two month's ago, and was one of the finest of the afternoon. Pantaleiff's voice is strong and powerful, and almost at the same time soft and beautiful. He began this well known number with so soft a tone that it was hard to realize that he was in the same room with you. Then he worked it up and his voice got louder, stronger and even more beautiful in the climax of the song.

Mr. and Mrs. Pantaleiff sang together the Russian National Hymn, and their harmony was perfect. The hymn is a slow, rythmic thing that cannot fail to impress. It was sung as the last number of the program, but the audience would not let them go. They sang the hymn again as an encore, and still the applause came. It ceased however, when Mrs. Pantaleiff sang, as a request, the Peddlar's Song, a Russian folk song. It is a lovely thing, and it is made more so by her charming voice. This number was sung by Mrs. Pantaleiff at the first recital, repeated again at the second by request, and again last Monday night.

Mrs. Pantaleiff was delightful in her group of folk songs. She wore the Russian peasant costume and sang four lovely things. Her high tones are beautiful, but, if it is possible, her low tones are even more so. She has a rich quality that is thrilling to the listener.

The entire program included works by Sahnovsky, Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Gliere, Leishin, Arensky, Malashkin and Greve-Sobalevsky.

Miss Janie Johnson added a great deal to Monday's program with her able accompanying.

FINAL RECITAL PROGRAM

A brilliant program has been arranged for the fourth and last recital of the series that will be given next Monday night at the Greene Studio on Lincoln street, by Max Pantaleiff and Consuelo Cloos. The program is:

Italian—Prologue from "Cogliacco"—Leoncavello; Aria Iago from "Otello"—Verdi; Aria "O Don Fablo" from "Don Carlos"—Verdi; "L'Oblio"—Symbati; "Stornellatrice"—Respighi.

German — Evening Star from "Tanhauser"—Wagner; Two Grenadiers—Schumann; In Questa Tomba—Beethoven; Give Me My Home—Schaffer; Still as the Night (duet)—Carl Bohm.

French — Aria from "Lakme"—Delibes; Seranade from "Faust"—Gounod; Toreador Song from "Carmen"—Bizet; Elegy—Massenet; L'heure Exquise—Hahn.

Group of English songs including: "A Prayer to Our Lady—Donald Ford; "Southern Song"—Landon Donald; "Barceuse"—Reger; "Goldamor," by Thomas Vincent Cator.

GRACE BORROUGHS, DANCER COMES TO GOLDEN BOUGH

A few weeks ago Grace Burroughs, the well-known dancer, returned from a two-year foreign tour, and now the Theatre of the Golden Bough anounces that it has secured Miss Burroughs for her first appearance in America since her return, Sunday evening, September 18.

Miss Burroughs was with Ruth St. Denis in Japan, China, and India, during which time she made special study of the Oriental dance. Later, in Egypt and India she did exhaustive research work in the native dancing, and from this study she has created interpretations of sheer mystic beauty.

Miss Burroughs' program consists of a group of French period dances, accompanied by Mrs. J. I. Del Valle in music of Mozart, Rameau, Couperin, Gluck, Brahms, Rameau. Another group is one of Oriental Impressions; Japanese, Sudanese, East Indian, danced to Debussy, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff. The final number, "Supplication" is danced to drums, played by Ruth Filly.

LEATHERNECKS IN ACTION IN MANZANITA FILM

"The Gingham Girl," which is said to be one of the year's best pictures, will be shown at the Manzanita Theater next Monday and Tuesday, September 12 and 13. Lois Wilson is playing the lead in the film, while George K. Arthur is playing opposite her. The picture has a good comedy background that will delight the hearts of all.

Breath-taking speed and baffling mystery, combined with an unusually sweet love story, go together to make up the epic of the United States Marines, "The Great Mail Robbery," which will be shown at the Manzanita on Thursday and Friday, September 15 and 16. The recent government order, placing marines on duty to guard valuable transcontinental mail leads to the intense action of the story.

The principal feature of the film is the attempted robbery of a train carrying a fortune in gold, and the gallant work of the "leather-necks" in holding the dynamited train against a gang of clever criminals and their eventual round-up is a distinct tribute to the U. S. Marines.

Jeanne Morgan has the feminine lead, marking the talented young player's first elevation to stardom. Minor roles are filled by a thoroughly satisfactory cast, including Frank Nelson, Dewitt Jennings, Cora Williams, Nelson McDowell, Charles Hill Mailes and Yvonne Howell.

An air of mystery is carried throughout the entire theme, providing a number of twists which are unique and surprising. The love of a girl for a man who was not what he seemed provides a tender romantic theme carried along with the constantly accelerated action.

CARMEL FAMILY HOME FROM TRIP

Mrs. Morris K. Wild and her daughter, Lois, have returned to Carmel from a summer on the East Coast, touching all of the New England Points of interest. They visited in Boston, and spent some time on Lake Winnetesaukee, later visiting Mrs. O. M. Harvey, at Livingston, Montana. Mrs. Harvey owns a house in Carmel, and will be returning sometime near Christmas. On their way home, Mrs. Wild and Lois stopped at Yellowstone, and also spent several days at Spokane. Mr. Wild and Evan are on their way to Detroit by motor. They will be gone a month or two.

CARMEL P.-T. A. DANCE POPULAR

The dance given at the Sunset school auditorium on Saturday evening by the C. P. T. A. was largely attended. The music, which was rendered for the occasion by Mrs. T. R. Furlong and P. P. Search, was good. The young folks present had a splendid time, and quite a sum was realized for the piano fund.

HIGH AND LOW TIDES AT CARMEL

	Time	Hgt.	Time	Hgt.
	Low		High	
9	2:30am	-0.4 ft	9:21am	4.8 ft
	2:19pm	2.5 ft	8:19pm	6.0 ft
10	3:12am	-0.5 ft	9:56am	5.1 ft
	3:10pm	2.0 ft	9:11pm	6.0 ft
11	3:54am	-0.4 ft	10:30am	5.3 ft
	4:00pm	1.6 ft	10:05pm	5.9 ft
12	4:34am	0.0 ft	11:04am	5.5 ft
	4:52pm	1.1 ft	11:01pm	5.6 ft
13	5:15am	0.5 ft	11:40am	5.6 ft
	5:47pm	0.8 ft		
	High		Low	
14	0:03am	5.2 ft	5:56am	1.1 ft
	12:17pm	5.7 ft	6:45pm	0.5 ft
15	1:12am	4.7 ft	6:40am	1.7 ft
	12:59pm	5.7 ft	7:47pm	0.4 ft

MONTEAGLES HOSTS AT "FOLLIES" PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle entertained a coterie of friends at a dinner Thursday night in the Del Monte grill. They were hosts to the S. F. B. Morses, the Eric Pedleys, Mrs. Francis McComas, Miss Ysabel Chase, Addison Mizner, John Ward and McKim Hollins.

Oh Boy! Its Here!
The Child's
ROLLS ROYCE
The Junior Automobile
Keep Your Keys and Watch for Date of Drawing
KEY WITH EACH TICKET — Saturday nights double key nights
MANZANITA THEATRE
Remember SAVE your Keys

MANZANITA Theatre

Saturday
September 10
"Ten Modern Commandments"
with
Esther Ralston
Neil Hamilton
MELTING MILLIONS NO. 1

Sunday
September 11
"PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY"
with
Geo. Jessel
Vera Gordon
News Felix Comedy

Monday and Tuesday
September 12 and 13
"THE GINGHAM GIRL"
with
Lois K. Wilson
Geo. K. Arthur
News
Hal Roach Comedy

Wednesday
September 14
"THE LITTLE ADVENTURESS"
with
Verea Reynolds
Victor Varconi
News Comedy

Thursday and Friday
September 15 and 16
"THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY"
with
Theodore Von Eltz
And An All Star Cast
News
Chas. Chace Comedy
—also—
Dempsey-Sharkey Official Picture
Matinee 2:30

Max Pantaleieff and Consuelo Cloos
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SEPTEMBER 12, 1927
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Played by
THE CARMEL PLAYERS
THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
September 9-10-11
8:30 P.M.
Admission $1.00 to $2.00—Plus Tax
Matinee Sept. 10—2:15 P.M.
Children 35c, 50c — Adults $1.00 Plus Tax
SONG AND DANCE SPECIALTIES
Tickets on Sale at Theatre Box Office

THAT COAST HIGHWAY FROM ITS SOUTHERN END—WHERE ONE HIKES IT

By John H. Albee

That stretch of coast between San Simeon and the Big Sur always interested me. Information about this country was scanty—a trail led up the coast, to be sure, but only the seasonal deer hunters ever used it; an old Rand McNally atlas showed two post offices, Gorda and Lucia, connected by a wagon road. With practically no information regarding the trail, my brother and I decided to hike it and find out for ourselves.

We drove to San Luis Obispo, where we tried in vain to find government topographic maps of the country. Leaving the coast highway there, we drove over 35 miles of pavement to Cambria and then 10 miles of good gravel road to San Simeon, getting there after sunset. Away up the dark hills behind the town there were enough lights to shame Coney Island, and when we stopped in at the town's only store for hiking grup, the clerk told us about them.

William Randolph Hearst was entertaining a convention of movie-stars at his Italian castle—the castle that he had shipped in crates from Rome and which was reported to cost over $37,000,000. From its two 150 feet towers, one can see some 400,000 acres of Hearst land, bought at a song and on contract. Yes, and on the morrow we would be continually on Hearst property, for he owned land for 35 miles along the trail. The clerk said good night and gave us good luck—a jovial, talkative fellow, that groceryman.

We camped for the night near a creek behind some willows. In the cold, grey fog of the August morning, we drove to Salmon Creek over a good wide road, the last few miles of which were cut into the mountains that rose up straight from the rocky shore of the Pacific. The road ended abruptly at the ranger station in the bottom of Salmon Creek Canyon. As we packed our scanty two day rations, the big ranger there laughed. He assured us that we would be lucky if we got to the Big Sur in four days. We remarked that we wern't tenderfeet and started cheerfully to climb out of the canyon. That first pull took some of the pep out of us and from then on we had more respect for our ranger friend. Many times that trail seemed to take us to the very top of a steep mountain, only to drop us down to the bottom of those cussedly deep canyons. But there's a good side to everything, and during the enforced rests, we had time to study the entrancing scenery. Three months before I had traveled along the French and Italian Riviera, but this piece of California coast surpassed it all for natural beauty. Nor did the Riviera have the canyons full of huge Sequoias, and rocky streams of trout. For a day and a half, we passed through Hearst lands and marveled more and more at his wisdom in buying up this piece of coast. Gorda, we found to be only a Hearst cattle camp. A few miles further up the coast, though, there was the house of Victor Girard of Los Angeles. It sets high on a knife edged hill with a redwood canyon on one side, and a sweeping view of the Pacific on the other. A barn-like structure from the outside—it is an ideal home for man. A stupendous fireplace dominates the huge lower living room, finished in heavy timbers and natural wood. We were rather surprised to find this modernly equipped mansion twenty miles from any road. Further on was the Lucia post office, located on the Harlan ranch. Mr. Harlan came there with a Dutchman in 1878 and together they took up homesteads. The Dutchman soon left, but Mr. Harlan realized the unrivaled beauty that is the country's real asset, and has been content to live there and raise a family of nine.

Within six miles of the Harlan homestead is Big Creek, the mecca of many deer hunters, and within eight miles of Big Creek is Slate's Hot Springs, owned by Dr. Murphy of Salinas. We were fortunate enough to find the Doc himself there to show us about. On his 130 acres of ocean front, he has 116 hot springs, most of which come forth half way up the ocean wall. Fifteen years ago he floated two bath tubs ashore and placed them on a ledge under one of the largest springs. There we bathed in 120 degree soft mineral water, with the blue sky above us, the ocean below and a white flag as our only protection from intruders.

The unfinished Carmel-San Simeon highway from the Big Sur ends at Anderson Canyon, four miles from the Hot Springs. The engineers have had trying difficulty with land slides on the stretch of road from Big Sur, but the most difficulty comes from the lack of publicity for this highway, which will some day be the most beautiful in America.

Last Day for Low Fares EAST

You can still go east at low cost. Summer reduced roundtrip fares are good for return until October 31. Plan to go now and profit by them.

A choice of routes and trains matched by no other transcontinental railroad. For example: you can reach Chicago in 63 hours from San Francisco aboard the deluxe *San Francisco Overland Limited*. Return the same way if you wish; or come back via New Orleans and Los Angeles on *Sunset Limited*, or Golden State Route via El Paso and Los Angeles. It costs no more via these routes, and only slightly additional via Pacific Northwest and the spectacular Shasta Route.

Note the low roundtrip fares quoted here; similar fares to many other places.

(From main-line points)

Albany, New York	$146.30
Atlanta, Georgia	113.60
Atlantic City, N. J.	153.34
Baltimore, Md.	145.86
Boston, Mass.	157.76
Buffalo, N. Y.	124.92
Birmingham, Ala.	102.86
Chicago	90.30
Cleveland, Ohio	112.86
Colorado Springs, Colo.	67.20
Denver, Colo.	67.20
Duluth, Minn.	99.00
Detroit, Mich.	109.92
Fort Worth, Texas	75.60
Halifax, N. S.	191.42
Havana, Cuba	170.70
Jacksonville, Fla.	124.68
Kansas City, Mo.	75.60
Knoxville, Tenn.	113.60
Minneapolis, Minn.	91.90
New York City, N. Y.	151.70
St. Louis, Mo.	85.60
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Washington, D. C.	145.86

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BUILDING PLANS HEARD BY ST. ANNES GUILD

The business meeting for September of St. Anne's Guild was held at the Rectory on Tuesday afternoon last with a large majority of the members and their friends present. While the business was being transacted, the ladies were busily engaged in sewing on different articles which are to be sold at the forthcoming bazaar in November, time and place to be announced later.

Plans for the bazaar were mapped, and in the near future committees will be selected to do their work. Plans for a "Tea" to be held on the 20th of this month at the Rectory were perfected. A report of financial progress toward the new rectory addition was heard with much interest, and it is hoped that it will not be long before the work will be under way. The following ladies were made members of the Guild. Mrs. N. T. Reynolds, Mrs. G. Aujerais, Mrs. H. Darling and Mrs. L. E. Passailleique.

CALENDAR SOCIAL

The September Calendar Social of the Community Church will be held this Friday evening at the Parsonage on Lincoln street. Men and women and young people are invited. There will be an Art Gallery. Bring your own picture taken when an infant or child, or the oldest portrait you possess. Bring your friends.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES HOPPER HOSTS AT LUNCHEON

Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper entertained a group of their friends Monday at a very delightful luncheon at their home in Carmel. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Hunkins, Mrs. George Phelps, Mrs. M. H. Sargent, Mrs. James Slack, Mrs. Stewart Weill, Mrs. Clare Hollingsworth and Miss Maryan Hopper.

CARMELITES VISIT MT. RAINIER RESORT

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Benedict of Carmel were guests recently at Paradise Inn, high up on the 14,408-foot Mount Rainier, the tallest perpetually snow-capped peak in the United States, in Rainier National Park, Washington. During their stay at the famous mountain inn, 5557 feet above sea level, they found the surrounding hillsides a riot of alpine wild flowers, in strong contrast to the glacier-hung summit of the mountain.

COOLIDGE FEEDS THE BEARS IN SILENCE OF THE YELLOWSTONE

By Winsor Josselyn

President Coolidge, the silent, needed no "Please Be Quiet" sign when he slipped away from crowds and went to the bear feeding grounds of Canyon Hotel in Yellowstone Park on his recent vacation. Noise frightens bears. But so quiet was the Presidential party, taking cue from Cal, that even the grizzlies came up out of the forest well ahead of their favorite dusk hour and began calmly pawing over the remains of table food dumped there for them.

It was an off hour for other tourists and the party had the grounds practically to itself.

There, with Mrs. Coolidge beside him, stood the President, straw hat firmly on head, hands clasped behind back, a slim cigar in ivory holder between set lips. Back at the hotel waited a convention of newspapermen gathered to honor him; but he had walked a quarter mile to become an unnoticed spectator at a far different kind of convention, and his steady blue eyes were intent upon those heavy-shouldered brutes of legendary badness now calmly feeding just beyond the pine pole fence.

Forgotten by this still man in dark blue clothes were the two uniformed rangers waiting to answer his questions, and forgotten were the three or four secret service men who stood alertly behind him.

He was watching those eight grown bears and the two cubs, zealously protected by a thick-armed mother, as they nosed for food and by their very presence kept the would-be shareholding black bears and seagulls and crows and blackbirds at respectful distance.

But obligation reached out invisible hand and touched him and he lowered his cigar and turned to Mrs. Coolidge. The man's face was surprisingly full, despite cartoons showing a thin Yankee visage; but the nose was lean and sharp, and as he spoke to his wife, only his active eyes went beyond that famous economy of facial expression.

In direct, nasal words he asked her if she were going back with him or wanted to stay and watch the bears. Mrs. Coolidge said she would walk back later. Then he said something about the evening meal and turned and went toward his car which by now had arrived, and his hands were again behind his back, and the cigar was again being smoked in slow, deliberate manner.

And the bears went right on feeding, for Mrs. Coolidge; and the ranger and secret service man who remained continued the model quiet that the President had begun.

DIVINE WORSHIP

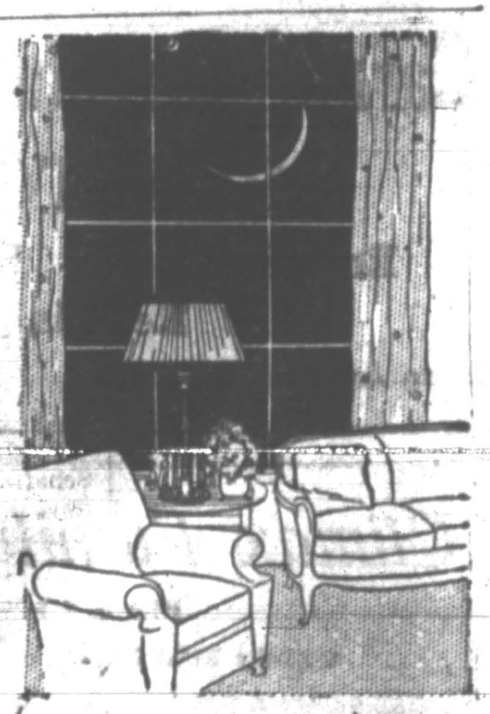
"Christianity and Cooperation will be discussed Sunday morning at Carmel Community Church, with reference to the recent world conference of 50 major denominations at Lausanne.

The regular meeting of the Church League, which transacts the church business, will be held at close of church. The financial budget for the year will be considered.

Every regular attendant is asked to use the weekly envelopes. You will find a package with your name on it by the door.

The Women's Auxiliary will hold a rummage sale beginning Sept. 19. Donations are asked from all citizens of the town. Leave your things at the church, or phone address to Miss J. Culbertson and they will be called for.

New life new color for your living room



A modern principle in floor and table lamp construction improves home lighting

Soft, mellow, shadowless light evenly spread throughout the room—ample light for the whole family to read, write, sew or play cards—light that brings out the rich colors of draperies and furniture—light that is kind to your family's eyes.

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CONFESSIONS OF A Y-MAN WITH THE A. E. F. IN FRANCE

By Perry Newberry

IV.

My luggage was piled on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Wagram a full hour before I could hope for the coming of the Y-caminette, and it was so formidable a stack that I wondered that the gendarme did not arrest me for blocking traffic on the Rue de Rivoli.

It had taken three trips from my third floor room, and the help of a porter to get me here; the bedding roll filled to the last notch of its straps, a canvas pack of extra uniforms and wearing apparel, and a third bundle of a folding cot bed. At that, I had discarded my chest and a lot of useless things purchased in New York; shed everything that Paris Y-headquarters instructed us to cut out; and felt certain I would need an army truck to get me around the front line trenches while I distributed mail to the boys.

For even in Paris we had little idea of what war really was like. That I should have started out for a job at the front with any such load of truck shows how inexperienced we were; but so far as I knew everything in my packs might be necessary. I stood beside the pile and waited for my convevance. The sun climbed to its zenith, started down its route west. Nothing happened.

Across the boulevard were the Gardens of the Tuilleries, the statues covered with piled sandbags to protect them from airplane bombs. Children came and sailed boats in the fountains, the women in attendance too often garbed in the black and white of French mourning. Down the block a hundred feet or so, a bread-line expanded and contracted with the movement of the sun. Some gamins gathered to urge cigarettes and sous from me, as I stood waiting to be taken to the front.

I probably never made a handsomer picture than at that moment. I was in the best of my three uniforms, in trench cap, shining russet shoes and glistening leather puttees. A Sam Browne belt—except for an over-shoulder strap, omitted by regulations—girdled a slim—anyhow slimmer than now—waist. To this belt hung a steel helmet, and under my arm was a nice, new gas-mask in its case.

But I scorned the admiration of the Paris gamins, and even of the cocottes. I was spic and span and velvet-shaven for an American colonel up in the front line, to whom shortly I would give a snappy salute, and say, "Colonel, I am here." And the colonel would look me over approvingly, snap his return salute, and answer me, "Good! Now let the war proceed."

Yet the sun was sinking in dark clouds westward across the Seine, and still no Y caminette. I beckoned one of the gamins, showed him a silver franc, pointed at the luggage pile, said "Regardez vous" to him a couple of times, and left him on guard while I hurried to headquarters and my friend of the assignment department. There I learned that something, he didn't know what, must have happened to my transport, and I was to be ready to leave next morning at eight o'clock. Back I went, gave the honest lad his franc, found the porter and carried that luggage up stairs again.

On the curbing again at half past seven, in a light drizzle of rain; again an example of what the well dressed man should wear, including overcoat. I stood under the canopy of a shop and waited for the caminette till noon.

It was a few minutes after twelve when a Ford car with delivery body drove up and its uniformed driver asked if I were myself. We got the luggage aboard. It loaded its section of the car fully. Said the Y-driver,

"It's going to be a bit crowded when I pick up my helper."

"Yes. Why is a helper?" I asked.

"Well—there are always two of us on a caminette," he explained. "To load and unload, you know." I wondered why I had done the loading, but was too glad to be started to ask cynical questions. "My helper lives out on the Boulevard Haussmann."

He lived out a good distance, he wasn't quite ready to join us when we found him, and it was after one o'clock when, three of us on the seat, we started on. "Where shall we get luncheon?" said the driver, looking at me as though I had invited them to luncheon, but had forgotten to name the place.

"Suppose we stop at the first cafe on our way," I suggested; but the helper knew a place across the Seine where one could get ham and eggs and a cup of chocolate for five francs, and we went there. It took us back past the Hotel Wagram, across the river on the Pont de la Concorde, and into a maze of narow streets.

When my guests had fed fittingly it was half past two by my wrist watch which was still keeping good time. If the helper had not discovered that he had left his gas-mask at home, we might have started then for the front. Nobody asks a man to go into battle without a gas-mask, however, so we went to the end of the Boulevard Haussmann again, waited to let him find the thing, test it, and demonstrate his speed at getting it on and adjusted. Six seconds was allowed by army regulations; I could do it in ten; the driver was proud of his bungling fifteen.

At last we were really off, headed for the Porte de la Chapelle, the gate in the wall at St. Denis. The seat was crowded, and the rain was making a mess of my right side from shoulder to toe, for I was outside man to windward. But as we left the old wall of Paris behind, I was too happy at getting out of the city to worry over my uniform, or to worry over anything, in fact.

There was not much traffic on the smooth dirt road. Except for an army truck occasionally, and more frequent ambulances, we had the highway to ourselves. We were heading northeast at a thirty mile clip, and before long an unpleasant odor, the smell of carrion, lifted our noses. Unburied dead—or barely buried, more likely—from the battle in the woods near Chateau Thierry, the driver explained. It was startling to realize how near Paris the Huns had been—still were, in fact. For off there, as the September day waned, we could see flashes that the men told me were of artillery, still too far distant to hear the sounds of the guns.

But as we turned at a crossroads, heading more northerly, the confirmation came; either there was a thunder storm ahead of us, or a big battle. The distant growl was continuous. And it couldn't be lightning and thunder for the rain still beat drizzlingly chill from the southwest. We were, they told me, not more than twenty kilometers from our destination, the village of Chery Chartreuve; would be there in less than an hour, and I would be delivered at the local Y-canteen.

I wasn't. I never was. In another fifteen minutes, we were drawn up at the side of the road, arguing what was to do. A shell from a heavy howitzer had exploded in the village now in sight ahead, and its flash had shown us that Chery Chartreuve had been badly shelled that day. There were ruins where there should have been buildings.

"Go back," was the driver's prompt verdict. "You'll be better off in Paris, Newberry."

"Never," I answered bravely and well. "It's too hard work getting away from Paris to go back. Drive on—the ambulances are going in."

"Yes, and they've business there that we haven't," said the helper, as a second shell lit with a bang. "Anyhow, there won't be any Y-canteen in Chery to leave you at."

"How do you know?"

"There won't be. That town is getting all shot up; and folks don't stay in places like that if they don't have to. Trust the good sense of the Y-men."

"Anyhow let's run up there and see," I urged. "Only two shells have come in since we stopped, and you'll have time between shots to get there and find out what's doing. Go ahead."

So we drove swiftly up to where the highway branched and a road led into the village. Beside a high stone wall, under a bit of corrugated iron roofing, was an American M.P. He didn't have to stop us.

"What's doing?" I called to him.

"Harassing fire," he said calmly. "Been sending 'em over at intervals all day."

"The Y canteen gone?" asked the driver.

"Sure. Went this morning." He jerked a thumb to indicate their road. "Packed out on an army truck."

The Ford was turned around hurriedly, but I on the outside of the seat jumped down. "Help me off with the packs," I called, as the car came to a stop.

"What you mean?" from a disgusted driver. "Get in here. We're taking you back to Paris."

"Not me. My orders are to stop at Chery Chartreuve. Help with this luggage of mine."

There might have been heated argument, but another can of high-explosive landed deafeningly a few hundred yards away in the village, and it was no time or place for argument. We carted the rolls in under the M.P.'s bit of roof. As the two men leaped to the seat, and stepped on the gas, the M. P. said,

"What's it all about?"

"I've orders to get to the front."

"Yeah? What for?"

"I'm to deliver mail in the front trenches," I explained, offering him a cigarette.

"Deliver whose mail?"

"The men's." I sat down on my roll. It was quite cozy and dry under the iron, and the stone wall gave a sense of safety. "Where is the front?"

"How would I know that?" disgustedly. "You folks expect us M. P.'s to know everything. What outfit are you with?"

I couldn't answer until I had opened the sealed orders in my inside blouse pocket, I explained. Meanwhile there were some bars of chocolate in my bed-roll which might taste pretty good.

"American or French?" asked the soldier.

"French."

"To hell with it then. Got any chewing tobacco?"

I hadn't. "You're a Y-man, all right," said the M.P.

Darkness was coming on fast now. Once in a while, I ducked my head at the screech of a shell that sounded like an express train coming full speed, throttles wide and whistle blowing; to explode with ear-shattering intensity close to us. Now and then, my friend of the iron roof would answer the questions of a passing truck driver or stand to attention as an officer rode up and queried. Usually he had prompt answers, which encouraged me to get the envelope from my pocket, and tear it open.

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"Commanding Officer, 304 F.A., 77 Division. A.E.F.," and a typed sheet for my reading. It said, "Find 77th Division Y headquarters, at this writing in village of Mareuil-en-Dole, and tell Secretary in command that you are assigned as per enclosed letter, by request of Lieut. Col. William McCleave, commanding."

"Where's Mareuil-en-Dole?" I asked the M.P., with our cigarettes burning, and got a prompt answer, direction and distance. Was I figuring to go there? I was. How?

"I'll hike it," I replied. "Fifteen kilometers is only twelve miles, isn't it?"

"Mebbe it is, mebbe not," he said guardedly. "Going to pack your housekeeping affairs?"

"Some of it. Want a nice new uniform or two?"

"Pants, yes. I need pants, and them's right good breeches you got. They wouldn't let me wear the officer's blouse."

"How about shoes?"

"Fine and dandy! Hope they fit. And those leather puttees—was you thinking of salvaging the puttees?"

"Let's dig in and see," I offered. "I've got to trim this down to a load that my back can lug, that's certain. To begin with, you get a cot bed."

"Grand! Set her up, and I'll sleep like a white man for once; tomorrow some second-looey will see it, and he'll get it—damn 'em all!"

We opened the rolls, and I began sorting the things I must keep; after which I again sorted the things I must positively keep; and made a third sorting of what life demanded; to find that I still had some eighty pounds for my back. Doughboys lugged as much, said the M.P., who had assisted with advice, and became the princely heir to the rest of my outfit. I had shucked off the puttees and shiny shoes—not quite so shiny now—and got into the Alpine boots; also traded the overcoat for the Italian sheepskin coat and a slicker. The two other uniforms and much other stuff of varying degrees of usefulness were left behind for a hard working M.P. He helped me get buckled into what was left, pointed my way along the white ribbon of roadway that led to Mareuil, and waved me a goodbye with his rifle.

Again I was off, in night and drizzling rain, to find the battle front.

(To be continued next week)

ABALONE LEAGUE BECOMES INCORPORATED INSTITUTION

Carmel's Abalone League is now a corporation, duly organized and chartered under the laws of the State of California. Five residents, prominent in the affairs of the league for some years, are the founders of the corporation under the charter, and will constitute its first board of directors. They are Byington Ford, Pebble Beach, James Doud, Monterey; Talbert Josselyn, Carmel; Frank Sheridan, Carmel, and Ernest Schwenninger, Carmel.

As set forth in its articles of incorporation the Abalone League is a cooperative association organized for the purpose of fostering athletics, particularly baseball, and to provide for the physical benefit of Carmel's citizenry.

The corporation is vested with all powers of purchase and sale of real property, and may sell certificates of membership.

Two classes of membership are set forth in the articles. The first class designated as class "A," and for which presumably the initiation price will be comparatively high, will comprise voting members. Title to all property purchased by the league will be vested in class "A" members.

Class "B" members, who it is assumed will pay but nominal fees for their certificates of membership, will be entitled to use the property of the league but will not be interested in ownership of league property.

The incorporation articles were filed through John Thompson, Monterey attorney, who announced today that a charter had been granted late last week.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the Abalone League's history, be it known that the organizers of this unique baseball circuit are almost solely responsible for the "soft ball" mania which has been sweeping the peninsula, wreaking a toll of "charley horse," broken bones and injured feelings.

The game is played in a manner somewhat similar to the regulation baseball. A large and supposedly soft ball is, however, substituted for the regulation pellet, and the bats used are much smaller.

Ten persons, two of them women, compose a team in the Abalone circuit and elaborate schedules, with championship play offs, are run off each summer.

The league recently acquired a fine playing field in Carmel Woods and the ownership of this property is understood to be responsible for its incorporation.

ACTUALITY VS. REALITY

By GERTRUDE ALMA MAC PEEK in "Writers' Monthly"

"There are two kinds of writing which young writers should think about: Actuality and Reality — words alike, yet so unlike. Reality begins where actuality leaves off."

Mrs. Grace Sartwell Mason paused a moment for reflection. As a regular reader of Harper's Monthly, which contains so many of her stories, I had pictured her mentally as a tall, slender person, the other side of fifty, with gray hair, a very distinguished carriage, and deep, soulful, gray eyes. Why gray eyes, I do not know.

Imagine my surprise on beholding the real Mrs. Mason as quite in the middle forties, no gray hair visible, petite, clear-spoken, very blue sparkling eyes with mirth-crinkles about the corners, quick in movement, and the hands of a musician—rather blunt fingered, but strong and very supple hands.

Mrs. Mason always wanted to write, from early childhood, she said, but bowed to the wishes of her father and was educated as a musician, as he himself was. In fact, she is an accomplished violinist. After her father's death she gradually stole back to her first love, and has worked her way steadily from the Saturday Evening Post to the quality group of publications. The annual O'Brien selection of "Best Short Stories" is seldom complete without Mrs. Mason's name in the index.

"Actuality," went on Mrs. Mason, "means bare facts. Reality takes the facts gathered by actuality and relates them to memory. It drops them down into that layer of mind beneath the conscious, that stream called by many the sub-conscious, but which I like to call memory. Here reality gives them a chance to associate with other like facts, and the story takes shape."

I asked the author to expand this idea for me, and she did so, vividly:

"This process may best be illustrated by taking two writers listening to a murder trial. The first well trained in observation, catches in a flash the whole setting, observes tiny details, from the slight droop of the judges's left eyelid to the shining gold tooth of the fourth juryman. As soon as the trial is over, he rushes out to write his story. In it appears great actuality, but no gleam of reality. The facts are there but they are not related to any of the deeper things underlying the whole process. Such stories may be lively, entertaining, but never 'moody'.

"The second writer goes out to write. Instead of sitting down at

(Continued to page 15)

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Village News Reel

Mrs. Walter Basham and daughter Jean are visiting relatives for a few days here, after which they will motor to the High Sierras and then on to Grass Valley, where they will make their home indefinitely.

Mrs. Carl Austin from Modesto, and Miss Agnes Waite from Watsonville are guests of the Samuel Munters for a few days.

J. P. Fitzpatrick, chief clerk of the railroad mail service in this district, was in Carmel this week. His mission was in the interest of the betterment of the mail service on the peninsula.

Mrs. A. V. Grozetta of Tucson, and Mrs. J. W. Larimore of Nogales, who have been house guests at the home of Ralph Davidson Miller for several days, have returned to Arizona.

Mrs. Neil Campbell and daughter June, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wheldon over the last week end have returned to their home in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Pascoe of Long Beach returned south last Friday after a few days visit with the A. W. Wheldons.

The first meeting of the C.P.T.A. will be held at Sunset School on Wednesday, September 14th at two thirty o'clock. Aside from the business meeting, a reception for the teachers will be held, at which time all ladies will be welcomed. The teachers are planning to give an outline of their work for the coming year. It is hoped that a full attendance of members, and all other persons interested in the school work will be present.

Miss Stella Guichard and sister Mrs. J. W. Gilson and small son, have recently returned from a two weeks wonderful camping trip to Lake Tahoe and Reno, Nevada.

Mrs. John C. Austin and two sons Harold and William from Pasadena were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wheldon at their home on 13th and Santa Lucia.

Attorney Charles Clark is spending a few days in San Jose attending to legal business.

Miss Elspeth Rose of the Corner Cupboard is visiting friends in Los Angeles for a few days.

Rev. I. M. Terwilliger is leaving Carmel Monday for Sacramento, where he will attend the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The conference will last throughout the week, and Bishop Nicholson of Boston will be one of the principal speakers. Colonel Charles Lindbergh will attend the conference, and he will probably address the assembly at one of the sessions.

Mrs. R. A. Bray of Piedmont visited Miss Ellen O'Sullivan at her home on Santa Lucia for a few days last week.

Miss Edna McDuffie of Berkeley is in the McDuffie cottage on Scenic Drive for several weeks.

Mrs. J. Neef and Mrs. G. Williams from Santa Cruz are spending a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkey and Nadine and Moylan Fox have returned from a motor trip to Yellowstone Park and Salt Lake City. While in Salt Lake they visited relatives.

Miss Kittie Smit is leaving this week for the east, where she will visit her sister in Memphis, Tennessee. Miss Smit will visit in the east for several weeks before returning to her home at Carmel.

An article on "Power and Preaching" by Reverend I. M. Terwilliger appeared in a recent issue of the Methodist Review. The magazine is a bi-monthly and is published in Boston. He also had an article in the Zion Herald of Boston, on "Youth and the Church."

Word has just been received in Carmel of the marriage of Mrs. Dorothy Wilson, who lived at Pebble Beach for two years, to Rockwood W. Bullard of Cleveland, Ohio. The wedding took place on September 2 at Cleveland. Mrs. Bullard is the daughter of Reverend and Mrs. Paul E. Sutphen.

Mrs. S. A. Bixby returned to her Carmel home this week from a year's trip abroad. Mrs. Bixby spent much of her time in France. She is a well known resident of Carmel.

Mrs. Grace Pearson of San Francisco is visiting Miss Catherine Corrigan this week.

Miss Beatrice McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Perry McDonald, has enrolled as a boarding pupil at Notre Dame Convent in Watsonville.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Clampett and Mr. and Mrs. Gallard Stoney from San Francisco occupied the lower Clampett cottage on north San Antonio last week end.

Mrs. George Terry returned to her home on Monte Verde last week, after spending ten weeks at Paraiso Springs. Mrs. Terry's health is much improved.

Mrs. Frank Vogel and her two sons of Kansas City, who have been spending the summer in Carmel, left last week for their home in the east.

Rev. W. G. White and his son, William Gale, left Friday morning for their home in Bakersfield, after spending a month at their Carmel home on Camino Real.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamrick of Pasadena are in the Rigney cottage for a week.

Mrs. S. L. Thomson of San Francisco is visiting her daughter, Miss Tomi Thomson, for a few days.

Hugh McIsaac, who is now deputy district attorney of Los Angeles, was a visitor in Carmel over the week end. McIsaac was formerly of San Francisco.

Mrs. A. H. Ewing of Palo Alto, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Edwina, is spending the week in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis Singletary of San Jose, accompanied by their children, are spending a few weeks in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Postlethwaite and their daughter, Miss Marjorie Postlethwaite, of San Jose, have taken a cottage in Carmel for two weeks.

Mrs. W. Edmunds who has been a guest at the home of Miss Mary Eyre has left for her home in San Francisco.

George Aucourt is motoring to Fresno on Sunday for a short visit with friends there.

Miss Dorothy Kenyon of San Francisco, is visiting friends in Carmel for a few days this week.

Mrs. Charlie Snow and her daughter, Miss Maude Snow, were in San Francisco over the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Timme of Los Angeles are guests at the Corrigan studio this week. Dr. Timme is the superintendent of the psychiatric department of the Los Angeles schools.

Richard Boke left this week for Antioch, Ohio, where he will enroll as a student at the Antioch College there. Young Boke graduated from Monterey high school a year ago, and is the son of Professor and Mrs. George H. Boke.

Jack Eaton is suffering this week from an infected foot, having stepped on a nail last Thursday. He is being treated by Dr. R. A. Kocher.

Mrs. John W. Murphy spent a short time last week visiting with her mother, Mrs. Paul Prince. Mrs. Murphy, who is the wife of Ensign Murphy of the U. S. S. Mississippi, is living in San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Avery have returned to their home at Oakland, after visiting for a short time in Carmel. They came down to superintend the building of their attractive new bungalow.

Marion B. McAulay, M. D., who has been living in Carmel for several months, has moved her offices from Monterey to Alameda. She will reside there in the future.

Fay Murphy is leaving Carmel this week for Eugene, Oregon, where she will resume her studies at the University of Oregon. Miss Murphy is now a junior student at the University.

Paul Jenks came down from Berkeley this week and visited in Carmel over Monday. He is a student at the University of California.

Mrs. A. L. Thomas of San Francisco, her son, Jack Thomas, and George Ewing, spent last week end with Miss Marcelle De Journal at her home in Carmel.

Miss Amy Doolittle of Los Angeles visited friends in Carmel for a few days last week.

L. W. Huckins of San Francisco, with their son and daughter, Vance and Helen, have returned to San Francisco for the winter.

Helen Gresham of Monterey spent the week with Miss Lois Wild of Carmel.

Miss Lucille Lovell of Los Angeles has been visiting Mrs. M. deHaaf of Carmel. Mr. Julian de Haff has been here for several days with his moth, both of whom, with Miss Cornelia, have returned to their home in Santa Monica.

Miss Catherine Wilson of Los Angeles has been a guest of Miss Dorothy Cone of Carmel.

Miss Edwina Ewing and her mother of Palo Alto are in Carmel for a month. They are occupying the Howe cottage on the Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed E. Smith of Carmel Woods motored to San Jose on Saturday on a few days business and pleasure trip.

Mrs. R. E. Crouch and two children, Wilma and Jean, who have been spending the summer in Carmel, have returned to their home in Pasadena.

Miss Pauline Meeks is leaving for San Jose on Friday, where she will enroll as a student in journalism at the Junior College at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond R. Meeks have left for a few days stay with friends in San Jose.

Edmund Lowe, movie star from Hollywood, visited in town for a few days this week. Lowe is a guest at Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Virginia Rockwell is leaving Carmel Saturday for Pasadena, where she will enter Pomona College for the coming semester. Miss Rockwell graduated from Monterey high school with the class of 1927. She is the daughter of Mrs. J. Rockwell.

Mrs. E. B. Patterson with her son and daughter, left for her home in Pasadena this week after spending two weeks at Pine Inn.

Mrs. R. T. McKisick and her daughter, Evelyn Jane, left Wednesday for Sacramento after spending several days in Carmel. They were guests at Pine Inn.

Mrs. John Jordan is in Oakland this week visiting friends for a few days.

Mr. C. A. Griffith, who has been visiting at Pine Inn for several days left Wednesday morning for his home at Aqusa, California.

Mrs. Lucius Powers, who has been at her Carmel home for two months is leaving this week for Fresno. The Powers are well known in Carmel, having visited here every summer for several years.

The Carmel Masonic club will be guests of the Carmel Boy Scout Troop on September 26, at the Scout Hut on the Sunset school grounds. The members will be entertained by various stunts put on by the scouts around the campfire. This action was taken by the club at the regular meeting last Tuesday night.

Miss Frances McClenahan, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry McClenahan of San Francisco, has been spending the past few days with Miss Evelyn Dulfer at her home on Camino Real.

Mrs. A. W. Smith of Los Angeles has been visiting at the home of her mother Mrs. J. S. Snow, for the past few days.

Mrs. J. F. Cone has returned to Carmel after spending a few days in San Francisco.

Major and Mrs. David Cowles were hosts at a dinner recently, entertaining: General and Mrs. Walter Storey, Colonel and Mrs. Harcourt, Major and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Oliver P. Hazzard and Captain John O. Hoskins.

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Ocean and Monte Verde

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New redwood house in Eighty Acre Tract, close in. Located on plot 100x100. Terms.
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Foundations and Garage Floors, Etc.
Prices Reasonable
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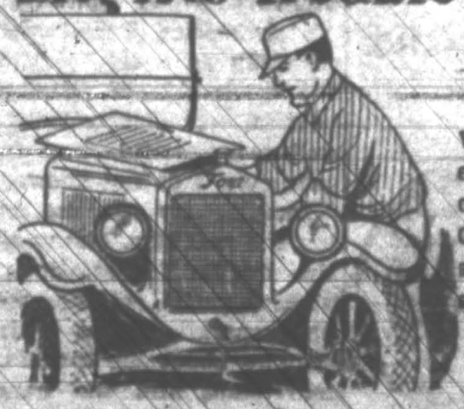
Ford Repairing
We are equipped with the latest machinery to handle any class of Ford Repair Work. Our charges are reasonable, and work absolutely guaranteed.
CARMEL GARAGE
CARMEL PHONE 112

ACTUALITY VS. REALISM
(Continued from page 13)

his desk immediately he steals off by himself where he can allow the facts he has gathered to sink into his memory, where they meet like facts and attract these facts to the new ones and make new combinations. Out of this is generated an emotion. He brings back to the surface his facts and the emotion which this union has engendered, and he writes his story. It may not have much actuality but it will have lots of reality, and it will always have something of that quality for the reader."

Dwelling still further on this special sort of memory, Mrs. Mason said: "It must be remembered that this stream of the subconscious is not entirely personal but is racial, extending back eons. It contains a tremendous richness of observed facts, also, gathered by personal experience. These newly observed facts attract to it the emotions, slowly piling up around these old racial and personal stores. The writer finds himself writing about many things he didn't know he knew. The emotion he brings out touches on a universal emotion, touches a subterranean stream of emotion which motivates everybody else. What he has to say is so alive, so urgent, that his technique comes unconsciously, his vocabulary arranges itself. The reader reads, draws a deep breath, and says, 'I know a case like that', and understands.

"The best example I know of actuality and reality is in the works of a single author—Sinclair Lewis. With the exception of 'Babbit' they are shining examples of the limitation of actuality. They are Sinclair Lewis observing, quite seriously, sometimes frantically, often ironically and furiously, but observing nevertheless, and not relating these facts back to anything within himself. 'Main Street', 'Arrowsmith,' 'Elmer Gantry' are all actuality.

"But 'Babbit!' 'Babbit' comes alive in places, and when it does it is Sinclair Lewis remembering — not necessarily personal remembrances, but an emotion, deep down, which he brings up to add to his facts, and in those moments Babbitt is real. He is a character, not to be forgotten. Most of the time Mr. Lewis refuses to use this method. The result is a curious sterility, a disassociation of facts in his books.

"Beautiful examples of actuality and reality," said Mrs. Mason, "may be found in the best stories of Katherine Mansfield. The person who can combine these two things has the world at his feet. I wonder why we can't do it so much of the time. The veil is so very thin between the two."

I asked about her methods. Mrs. Mason disclosed that she works very slowly, and now and then suffers from long periods of what she calls "stop pages," which is doubtless what many of us call "staleness"—periods when nothing she writes appears to be worth while, when there seems nothing more to be written about, when nothing is interesting. She had as a remedy a "five-finger" exercise.

"My workroom is in the 23rd story of a huge office building here in New York. I may not feel much like working in the morning, but I start out for the office anyway. However, I stop before I start, so to speak—on the way I look at people or objects in store windows. Perhaps I see a gesture, or a face, or an object which fires my imagination. As soon as I get to my office I make myself as comfortable as possible in an easy chair, and I pull out pad and pencil and proceed to 'float'."

"Float?" I prompted.

"To take a concrete example," she smiled, "only this morning I saw an old woman in a Deaconess' bonnet, in a Liggetts Drug Store, with a face as hard as sin, frantically turning over the pages of a 'phone book. I went to my office —and 'floated'. I do not say, at such times, that I am writing. I do not say 'I am getting a story.' I do not even think of an editor. I think only of that old woman. Why is she turning over the pages like that? Why the discrepancy between the face and the bonnet? This fact attracts other facts, other figures, other backgrounds. A mood begins to grow. The mind is like a moving picture. When it is turned on it moves. A background forms behind her. I stop the film. What is there about this old lady in relation to this background? I don't try to remember the details of the old lady. I get rather excited, rather interested. Presently, thru 'floating' I see her as she is all the way around. I see how she fits into this background. And there is my plot. That is the mood that creates the story."

Now I could see the validity of the method.

"It is necessary to relax," said the author. "If you say 'I must get a plot today because my rent is due next week', or if you say, 'can I get a story from this old woman?' there come fear, tension and anxiety, and you get all tied up. But if I forget my surroundings and my needs and just dream lazily, something comes. That is the creative process."

Theatrical Agent—Here's a part for you. Could you do the landlord in "The Lady of Lyons?" Actor—I think so. I've done a good many landlords in my time.—London Passing Show.

Moses In Red

By Lincoln Steffens

The Women at Pt. Sur
Roan Stallion—Tamar

By Robinson Jeffers

And other books by noted authors now resident in Carmel

First Edition Book Shop

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CARMEL'S PIONEER

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Everything Optical

Dolores St. Phone 26-W

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 30 cents.

Single Insertion, 10c per line.

One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line.

One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line.

(No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

CHURCH NOTICES

CARMEL CHURCH
An authoritative vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a.m.
I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Strangers cordially welcomed

ALL SAINTS CHAPEL
(Episcopal)
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p. m. Friday, 7 to 9 p. m. Closed holidays.

MONTERREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m. Closed Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m. Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday, Sept. 11, 1927

"Something Touched Him"

FOR INFORMATION

AS TO

PROPERTY

IN AND ABOUT CARMEL

ADDRESS

CARMEL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Carmel House & Lot Co.
Parkes Building near Post Office

"BEST BUYS"

Beautiful Dolores St. lot, close business district, well wooded, view, $1250, Terms.

Carmel Woods home site, 100x100. Nice neighborhood, attractive homes. $1600. Terms.

Point Lots; 120x120; very choice location, on a sunny slope, commanding a delightful valley view. $3200. Exclusive.

Dolores St. lot 80x100. One of the best building sites available, $2650. Terms.

BIG BARGAIN—2 lots on high ground near Ocean ave., $1800.00; worth over $2000.00.

Good five room house on beautiful corner, garage. Lot 80x100. $5500, and on terms.

Bargains in single lots: good lots, beautifully located—$1000 to $1275 cash.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT
FOR YOUR BUILDING — SEE PERCY PARKES.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Naturopathic Physician and Chiropractor. Ultra Violet Ray Quartzlight. Registered lady nurse in attendance. Office hours: 9 to 11 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Phone 105. Saturdays, Sundays and evenings by appointment only. Office and residence, Dolores apts., Dolores st., beside P. O. Telephone Carmel 105.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER — Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

Harper Method Beauty Shop — Court of the Golden Bough Theatre, Carmel. Marie E. Johnson. Shampooing, marcelling, manicuring, etc. Phone Carmel 184.

CASS ST. NURSERY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL
JULIA BREINIG, Director
621 Cass St. Monterey

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

Florence A. Belknap, M. D.
South Carmelo
near Ocean Ave
Carmel

Max Panteleieff
Baritone
Green Studio, After 4:00
Bet. 12th & 13th on Lincoln

Bay Rapid Transit Co.
Phone Carmel 321

TIME TABLE

Lv. Carmel for Monterey		Lv. Monterey for Carmel	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
8:00	1:00	8:30	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:30
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		6:30

FOR SALE

SACRIFICE SALE — Brand new studio house with garage among pines, oaks and liliacs. Lot 80x100. Easy terms. Downstairs: living room with fireplace, kitchen with range, bedroom and bathroom; Upstairs (separate entrance) big studio with fireplace, bedroom, washroom and shower. See owner on premises or write A. K. Molendyke, box 632, Carmel, or any local agent. Motto: Rent upstairs and live for nothing downstairs.

EXTRA LARGE FINE CHICKENS —5 to 12 lbs. specially fattened roasters, fricassees, fryers— from Search Ranch. Call at Casa de Rosas, 13th and Casanova Sts., Phone Carmel 145-R.

RABBITS FOR SALE — Alive or dressed for cooking. Apply Mrs. E. M. Cooper, 6th and Torres Sts. Carmel 306.

MISCELLANEOUS

HANDY MAN does gardening, trimming and curing trees, build rock or brick walls, patios, carpentering, painting. Wants WORK. Reasonable rates. Box 632.

SEWING— Expert alterations and remodeling of gowns, dresses and coats; also curtains and drapes a specialty. At the Myra B. Shop, opposite the post office.

EMPLOYMENT Agency and Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby, Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, east side, bet. Ocean and 7th. Phone 665-W.

CARPENTER WORK, REPAIRS, FURNITURE, AND GENERAL JOBBING. W. A. Beckett, 5th Ave. near San Carlos, Box 931, Carmel.

BULBS—Our bulbs are now ready at the store at our nursery, head of Main St. A fine selection of over 20 varieties of daffodils, narcissus, jonquils, Poeticus, etc. Lily bulbs, Regale, Gold Banded, pink Rubrum and Easter. Beautiful blue Dutch iris, White and colored Freesias, Ranunculus, Ixias, Sparaxis, Anemones, Bride Gladiolus. Plant your bulbs early and get best results. Also Tulips and Hyacinths will be in soon. A visit to our nursery will well repay you. H. A. HYDE CO., Watsonville.

SIGN PAINTING — Gold letters, show cards, priced low, for reliable work by Phillips—at Roger's "Fix-it Shop," San Carlos and Seventh ave.

WILL DO part time work—housework or sewing; or husband and wife would act as caretakers for a small place. Mrs. E. A. Tennant Santa Fe and Second Sts., Carmel.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A gold chain bracelet with initials "M.P." inside. Return to Pine Cone office, Carmel 2. Reward.

Farmer (proudly showing off his pig)—Yes, sir, this is the cutest little pig I have, and his name is "Ink." Visitor—How's that? Farmer—Because he's always running out of the pen.—Denver Post.

REASONS WHY U. S. WILL NOT JOIN LEAGUE OF NATIONS TOLD BY USHER

Dr. Roland Greene Usher, professor of History at Washington University, St. Louis held an interested audience on last Sunday night at the regular monthly meeting of the Women's International League on "Why the United States will not join the League of Nations."

Dr. Usher did not believe it an impossibility that we should join but wanted to show what the difficulties are now and what they have been. His reasons fell into four classes though he was careful to explain that the reactions and interrelations of these four were unending. Dr. Usher also spoke of the great unwillingness of any of the nations to make the needed concessions so that an international body might function and the demand of all that the others do so. Of course, at the time of the formation of the Union a somewhat analogous situation was met and solved by the individual states.

His first objection was that the Constitution of the U. S. vests all power in relation to foreign affairs with the President, that is as far as things may be done on paper; but that no agreement functions till the Senate has confirmed it, and should it require financing that the House has voted the needed funds. He said that while the people fear one-man power, that nevertheless potentially our President has more power than any other one man in the world, power that no President has ever dared to exercise.

He then told in detail of the jealousies and personal squabblings between the Executive, Senate and House, as one of the main reasons why it would be impossible for any President to exereise his power in international affairs and of course to act as sole representative of the U. S. would immediately greatly increase the prestige of the President.

To your reporter, this recalled the story of the King of France who sat and shivered while his attendant noblemen squabbled as to who by right of precedence might hand him the royal shirt.

In the second place American history shows a long struggle to make the legislative branch superior to the executive both in state and national practice altho in spite of this the practical aggrandizement has been the other way. The speaker also held that should the president act for the nation in the League it would greatly increase the size of the sphere in which the Federal government functions, in distinction to that of the individual states.

He gave for his third reason that in spite of the great powers given the President that the American democracy distrusts the individual and trusts the crowd.

GOLDEN STATE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

SATURDAY

GARY COOPER

—in—

"The Last Outlaw"

—also—

Hal Roach presents

Glen Tryon

—in—

"The Cow's Kimono"

SUNDAY

THE ROMIG-DAVIS

Musical Comedy Company

Corinne Griffith

—in—

The Lady in Ermine'

MONDAY-TUESDAY

LON CHANEY

—in—

"The Unknown"

WEDNESDAY

William Fox

presents

"The Music Master"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY

"THE ROUGH RIDERS"

The Mission Mesa

Marine View sites in California are more and more eagerly sought and more and more difficult to find.

Desirable marine view property in Southern California is no longer obtainable except at extravagant prices.

A time is coming when those of ordinary means cannot afford to buy a glimpse of rugged headland and leaping sea spray through their home windows.

Carmel, where coast line scenery attains its greatest glory, is a steadily growing community. Yet Carmel is still, comparatively speaking, virgin soil.

Here on the Mission Mesa, and in Hatton Fields, the finest marine view ground can be bought now at prices such as prevailed elsewhere before the advances which created independent fortunes for many lucky owners.

For Mission Mesa and other Carmel property inquire

Hatton Fields

Carmel Land Co.

Paul Flanders, President

Office, Ocean Avenue, Carmel Telephone 18

Ernest Schweninger, Sales Manager

J. K. Turner Yodee Remsen

A Real Bargain In Carmel

San Antonio Beween 9th and 10th Avenues, Facing the Ocean

Plot 160x100, appraised at	$16,000.00
Plot (on Carmello in rear) 100x100, appraised at	6,000.00
7 room house (all improvements), replacement value	14,000.00
2 room garage, replacement value	2,500.00
Furnishings (including Oriental Rugs, Linen, Silver and Art Works	3,500.00
Total	$42,000.00

Will Sell for $25,000.00

(Ask R. C. DeYoe to show you this)

If this is too much, what is it worth to you?

Address Owner, Box 103, Wellesley, Mass.

Take a chance—it might make you wealthy. My misfortune may be your opportunity.

AUCTION The Peninsula Furniture Exchange AUCTION

Will Again Hold Another of Their Sensational and Popular Auctions On

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th—2 P.M. SHARP

Follow the example of the hundreds who have profited by our previous sales and buy at your own price such fine furniture as partially listed below:

Upright Ludwig Piano, Chesterfield Suits in Mohair and Jacquard Velour, 4 Oriental Rugs in various sizes, Dining room suites in Mahogany and Walnut, Patent Davenport Extension Tables, Overstuffed Chairs, 8 Fancy Living Roo mTables, Bedroom Suites in Walnut, Mahogany or Metal, Mattresses in Hair, Kapok and Cotton, Double and Single Springs, Day Beds, Couches, New and Used Rugs, Sewing Machine, 2 Washing Machines, 50 Chairs and Rockers, Lloyd Loom Settees, Traveling Bags, Ornaments, Jewelry Remnants, China, and many articles too numerous to mention.

THE PLACE GOODS NOW ON VIEW

613 Lighthouse Ave.—Opposite Grove Theatre—Pacific Grove

LAPORTE-GREENWALD CO., Auctioneers